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THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping.
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan,
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man.

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Armed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began—
"Handle your wash-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man!

Have we a nation to save? In the first place—
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how the cowardly Bull Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home Rangers,
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent house-maids and blood-thirsty Quakers
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve qui peut! Bridget, and right about! Ann,—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle field threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expel him—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white feather plume, sweet little man!

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD BYE TO ST. LOUIS.

Political Influence in a Police Court—Stokes & Co. discharged—"Who the d—l is King Dick?"—Slight Reminiscences—Stokes goes in again, and Bob serves him out—Considerable of a Riot—Out of the House and down the Street—Bob and Springer take a short walk—Florence Mayfield—Off for New Orleans—A Contract—Attempted Arrest—A pitch through a third story window—On the river, and a few glorifications of said river—"What do you say, stranger, to a little game?"

This great, glorious and enlightened country of ours is undoubtedly governed on the grandest of all principles, personal influence. Every man has some, but if he has not got a good deal of it he can't shine in a police court. From Johnny Mackle's the whole party of fighting men were marched to a station-house, and a sleepy magistrate was called up to conduct the examination. Now it happened that Johnny possessed just about as much political influence, and controlled just about as many votes, as any man in the city of St. Louis. Moreover, it happened that the magistrate was a personal and political friend of the keeper of the saloon where the row originated, and owed his elevation principally to the influence of Mackles. Under such circumstances it may readily be supposed that Johnny lost no time in bringing this influence to bear for the purpose of effecting his own liberation, and as, according to his version—which was in reality pretty nearly correct—the disturbance was caused by a couple of strangers whom he had never seen before, and who had seemingly entered for the purpose of creating a disturbance, he easily convinced the magistrate that he was not to blame. Bill Stokes had been carried away, although he was hardly awake from the last clip of King Dick; and it was proved that he had no hand in assaulting the police, and in fact the thing fizzled out pretty effectually. The officers swore to some two or three as having resisted them; but these were bailed out by a couple of benevolent looking gentlemen who chanced to drop in to look after the interests of their friends. As the final liberation of the whole party, except those who could not walk, was brought about by the influence of Mr. Mackles, that gentleman was rather brought back into the favor which he had very nearly lost by his offer of assistance to Frighty Bob and his friends. The whole party accordingly set out on a return to the saloon. As they passed the door of the St. Thomas Concert Gardens, a crowd emerged from that building, and to the number of fifteen or twenty, joined in with Bill Stokes, Johnny Mackles, and the rest, just in time to hear the anxious inquiry of:—

"Who the devil's King Dick?"

"You look as though you'd seen him, Bill," remarked one of the new recruits, as they passed under the light of a street lamp; "and from the way you ask the question I guess you have."

"Who is he? that's the question."

"He's King Dick, or Dick King, just as you choose to call him; and just the strongest man and the heaviest hitter for his inches that ever stood on sole leather. He travels with a good one, too, he does; and one of the queerest looking coves that I ever laid eyes on. He's a good looking feller, and a stout looking feller, and he's about as good a man as you can pick up; but when he's in a row, or gets right mad, or is three fourths slewed, he looks like the ghost of Julius Cæsar dancing on a red hot shovel; for he has the scariest look about his gills of any man I ever did see; and the coves all call him Frightened Bob."

"That's them, Bill," said one.

"So you went through the mill with him, did you? When I was in New York last winter, I saw him at work one night at a ken in the Bowery. It commenced by some flats picking on Bob, but it ended by the King laying 'em out so stiff that they didn't see anything till the next morning, and Bob was standing behind and looking as though it was an excited crowd down in Arkansas that was a going to string him up for going it alone and getting euchred."

"'Live and let live,' but blest if I ever saw him before this very night, or heard of him either. He don't look like a fighting man."

"He ain't, either, but he does his share of it. He's a sporting man; he's rich, and he's lucky; but he will travel on his muscle. Don't know how it comes, but he has more bad luck which he gets over by good luck, than any cull I ever heard of. He lost five thousand one night at Johnny Blank's faro table, and he lost three thousand the next night, and about two thousand the night afterwards, but I'm blessed if he did'nt come back in less than a week and burst the establishment—won thirteen thousand dollars in one night. There was a hot time about it, and somebody tried to 'bring him,' on the road home but it was'nt any go at all, for he just blazed away at them; and they do say that there was a couple of pretty badly damaged carcases carried into a house on Mercer street that night."

To what extent these yarns about the two New Yorkers would have been carried, we cannot conveniently say, as the interruption which followed brought them to a most sudden and untimely close, and was given in the shape of a sharp report of a revolver, discharged just around the corner. The smoke of gunpowder came plainly to the noses of the crowd, but when they turned the angle of the street, there was nothing to be seen.

"Shouldn't wonder if Dick King was around again. If he is, boys, I'm going to pile in; for I've never been flaxed out yet, and I ain't going to begin at this time of life."

"You'd better wait awhile, Bill. There's some things can be done as well as others, but I'll be hanged if flaxing out the King can. Just hold on"

A stumbling noise in the doorway of the house in front of which they were passing attracted their attention, and Bill Stokes looked up just in time to see his enemy, King Dick, stagger to his feet, while Bob Sterner stood beside him with more of fright in his face than ever. What he did not see was the fact that a pistol bullet had grazed the side of King's head, and cut a neat little furrow through the light brown hair which shaded his temple.

"Here he is, boys, and I'm going in."

Despite the warning observation of Mackles, who thought that two rows in one night was entirely too much for one man to be in; despite the remonstrances of two or three of the more sober of the crowd; Stokes bounded up the steps, and on to the doorsill. With a tremendous slam, the door flew shut in his face; for Bob had seen him coming, and just in the nick of time barred his entrance. For about the half dozenth time that night, Stokes' head became level with his heels, and for about the half-dozenth time he arose with the same bull-dog determination of lamming his antagonist.

No one believes more firmly than the author in the valuable principle of perseverance; but there are times when it becomes ridiculous. Madly excited, Stokes threw himself against the door. No use, though. A stout lock, a strong bar, a couple of bolts; these were enough to enable the oaken door to withstand a siege.

"Bring us an axe, boys," shouted he, "bring us an axe, and we'll bust in the cussed old hole."

There are times when an individual seems to lose all control over himself; and there are crowds which, when excited, will go any length to accomplish its frenzied wishes. Stokes was in this condition and the major part of his auditors, all well loaded with whiskey, were just ready to follow his beck. There was a great deal of pride in the matter and deep-rooted hate settled in the breasts of all those who had been condemned in the first row With the greater number, this would doubtless have worn off by morning, and with the fumes of whiskey would have worn off the grudge, but just at *this* time they were all ready primed and loaded to go off in any wild excess. Thus, when an axe was called for, a man hastily separated from the crowd, and for a moment disappeared; but almost instantaneously re-appeared with the desired weapon. Unfortunately, the ones who had been detailed to watch the interior of Mackles' house had deserted their posts. The half dozen who were to remain in the back yard had simmered down to two; and these could not well hear what was taking place on the other side of the house. The axe was brought, Bill Stokes swung it over his head, and so commenced one of the wildest scenes that for years had occurred in the city.

The mob, excited with drink, and wild from passion, this night became perfectly reckless, and, going in with a perfect looseness, set all law at defiance. Who suffered by it, and how it ended, will be here recorded.

We took leave of our hero just as his friend Bob Sterner had slammed the door in the face of those wishing to enter. Standing in the dark there, Bob felt the head of the "King," and finding no blood, addressed him with:—

"Speak up, Dick; are you hurt or only scared?"

"That's something I can't exactly answer, Bob; I guess it's a little of both, with a good deal of curflumix thrown in. Strike a light, if you've got that lamp yet, and we'll be pretty soon satisfied on that point."

Again the lamp was brought into requisition, and the amount of damage carefully noted.

"Neat shave that. A little further off; an' it would'a missed you altogether; and a little closer, it would'a settled your muttyn," said Mart, as he marked where the pistol ball had passed.

"Too close for comfort; but what's that?"

"Crash"

A ponderous blow, stricken against the door, made the hall ring again. The three stood and listened. Again a crash louder than before, whilst loud curses rose from the men who swarmed without.

"There will be something to pay now, and no mistake. The boys have got clear, and are going to have us out, root and branch. Make your last will and testament, Bob; and you, Mart Springer, wind up your worldly affairs, for we three have got into a hornet's nest, and no mistake."

The crowd without were perfect demons now. The magnetism of the will—even such as was exercised by the ruffian Stokes—had begun to work. Faster and faster the sharp steel fell against the door, whilst stones began to fly and rattle on the closed shutters. The fury against the two men was beginning to be transferred to the house and its inhabitants.

The establishment had before this been looked upon with an evil eye, and popular opinion was about evenly divided as to the nature and occupation of its tenants. Whoever they were, they were a touch above the inhabitants of the street, and so the besiegers went to work with a right good will.

"We must make tracks for the back part of the building, and clear out before they get around there. I tell you, Dick, it's an honest fact, I'm somewhat scared."

Dick admitted the truth of this proposition; and the three, in pursuance of this plan, left the hall to search for some means of egress. From the look of his eye, Mart Springer's ideas were not exactly the most pleasant kind to possess. It appeared to him that it would have been more prudent to have remained with the crowd and taken the chances before the police magistrate, than to be in the situation he now was; travelling through a strange house, with strange men, and a score or more fiends behind, howling for blood.

If Mart's definition of the house was correct, it seemed of late to be strangely depopulated, for not a soul could be heard on the premises. This fact appeared to strike King, as they entered a large room. Still, no sounds in the house; still no bar to their egress. A stairway leading to the basement struck them as being what they wanted. A heavy crash, and the noise of heavy feet in the hall behind them, told that the crowd had made good their entrance, and that no time was to be lost.

Bounding down the steps, taking three at a time, King Dick led the way, whilst Mart kept close behind. Bob, being burdened with the lamp, followed at a more sober pace.

"Here's the place," said Mart, as he brought up in front of a door, which evidently opened upon the area.

To turn the key, which was still sticking in the lock; to throw back a huge bolt; was easy. The house was left, the street gained. Cool night air blew gratefully on their flushed faces, and the bricks gave forth joyful music as they sherried down the street, bent upon getting out of the dangerous neighborhood. The noise of the row they were leaving behind them came distinctly to their ears, and the sound by this time resembled one grand, conglomerated smash.

Through and through the house the assailants wandered, but no trace of inhabitants met their inquiring gaze. The nest was there, but the birds had flown.

A large and costly mirror, which reached from the parlor floor almost to the ceiling, was shattered by a chair wielded by the inquiring Stokes, as he prosecuted his search for a concealed door; and the signal for destruction having once been given, the work was continued without hesitation by the attendant myrmidons. A general "house-warming" was made; but it was done without any respect for the feelings of the occupants and proprietors. A few stars finally put in their appearance, but they were just "a day after the fair." A crowd filled the street; furniture lay on the sidewalk; and the authority of the law was just about as much held in respect as baggage is on the railroad. Altogether it was a fast time, and nothing else, but rather an expensive party to some of the actors. As the clocks in the neighborhood struck four, the form of Bill Stokes might have been seen staggering down the street; by five, all the participators in the riot had retired to roost, and the gutted house safely placed under the guardianship of a strong detachment of the police.

Meanwhile, our friends Bob and Dick, accompanied by Mart Springer, had made the straightest kind of tracks for the hotel where the two had deposited their dunnage on their first arrival. The bar-tender was just about closing for the night, but the three were in time to get their night caps; and the trio of whiskey-skins—Dick was death on whiskey-skins—having been disposed of and a bed provided for Mart, our hero and his companion bunked in.

About daylight Bob Sterner ceased to snore, rubbed his eyes, kicked down his side of the cover, and finally rolled out of bed.

Casting his eyes on King, he perceived that that worthy gave no signs of consciousness, save that which was manifested in the steady and strong working of his breathing apparatus; and so, without making any disturbance, Bob finished dressing.

"Let me see," reasoned he, with himself; "let me see, what's to be done this morning? There's lots of work to be did, but how are we to set about it? It rather confidentially strikes this interesting child that we're on a cock and bull kind of a chase, where there's going to be more hard knocks than pay, and a d—n poor show for making anything. There lays the King, now, snoring away, not caring a solitary curse for business, and here am I, who aint interested in the thing at all scratching my head and trying to show a glim on a hellishly dark affair. There's one beauty about it, though; he finds the blunt he does the fighting—not that I ain't able to take my own part, but it's sort of consoling like to travel with a pal that won't leave you sticking in the mud—and if the thing falls through, *I* won't lose anything by it. What's to be done, though? Guess I'll go shake up the cully we picked up last night, and take a stroll down the river. By thunder! if I was only a leetle touch better I'd stick to that river, so I would. It's a friend of mine. Something always turns up on the river; and it's generally something that pays, though I believe I was copped to rights once on the Hudson. Now I think of it, that's the time I met King Dick, and he went bail for me"

Putting the last touch on the fancy cravat which encircled his neck, Bob strolled out of the room. Mart Springer was dressing when his friend of the previous night commenced to pound on his door; and so, without any delay, he let him in. As we before stated, Mart was a pretty hard looking nut; at the same time he was respectably dressed, and Bob had no hesitation in asking him to act as a guide to show him the elephant.

"Well, Bob, from what I've heard, and from what I've seen, it rather strikes me you don't need any one to show you them animals; but doesn't it strike you it would be a little more salubrious for a man of your standing and business to stay in the house this morning? The prigs will be down on you shortly if you don't mizzle; and I calculate Dan is sharp enough to hunt up your pecken cab without loosing time."

"Never mind; there's no use crying before you're hurt; and I ain't afraid of any one as long as I have King Dick for backing. If you ain't obliged to lay low, come on."

"By way of variety, what do you say to a gin cocktail?" said Bob, as they passed through the bar-room. "It's been nothing but whiskey-skin after whiskey-skin for the last six months, till I'm tired to death with 'em."

Mart being agreeable, the cocktails were disposed of, and then a stroll was commenced. Leaving the hotel, they wandered down the street. Going straight along, without any turns, a walk of not very many minutes brought them to the landing. Early as it was, the bustle of business here had already commenced. A steamer was just about to leave for down the river, and the passengers were hurrying on board. A crowd thronged about; some with business, some without; some there for pleasure, others on profit; and Bob watched them with interest, for they were strangers.

Leaning against a post was a tall, broad-shouldered individual, without any coat, and his face shaded by a black slouch hat; and as he turned the side of his face towards Bob, the marks of a hard fist judgmatically applied, were plainly visible under his eye. A short, flashy-looking cove was standing by, listening to the yarn his taller companion was telling. It concerned the last night's fracas, and Mart gave a slight laugh as he listened to the description of the prowess of King Dick and the personage who stood by his side.

The attention of Sterner, however, was drawn towards a pair who had emerged from a hack. A man, by his dress, of that class generally denominated gentlemen, emerged from the vehicle, which had hastily driven up; and following him came a female dressed in black. Her's was a slight form, and a thick mourning veil hid from sight a countenance which no doubt was beautiful in the extreme. When first his eyes fell upon her, Bob did not seem to take more interest in her than a man naturally does in a pretty woman; but as she advanced to the gangway, something in her walk attracted his attention. A shade of doubt passed over his face. Though mixed up with the living throng which poured across the plank, yet did that step seem familiar to him. As the woman fairly stepped upon the boards of the steamer, with a quick motion of her disengaged hand she partly raised her veil.

"That's her by —!" said Bob.

"Who?" inquired Mart Springer.

"All aboard!" wheezed out the asthmatic functionary who controlled the motions of the Belle, and time for explanation was short. Bob's pocket book was in his hand, and he hurriedly said to Mart:

"Go back to the hotel and tell Dick that I'm on the trail. Florence Mayfield, dressed in black, is on the Belle and likely going to New Orleans; that I've followed her, and he can come along in the next boat, or stay here, just which he pleases; but that if he wants to get her, he had better follow on the warm trail."

The plank was up; the boat was mooring With a tremendous jump, Bob landed upon the deck, leaving Mart standing upon the wharf, not knowing exactly what it all meant.

When Bob alighted, his first move was to stumble forward upon a fat, fussy old gentleman, whose anger was by no means appeased when Sterner raised him up from the floor by his coat collar—"All baggage at the risk of the owner, sir; hope you ain't hurt bad, but was in a hurry to come down, and so couldn't pick my roosting place."

The old gentleman remarked something about not undertaking to fly, when the possibilities were he wasn't able to stay up; but before he had finished the sentence Bob was in the clerk's office—he thought that perhaps he might there meet with the man who had charge of Florence Mayfield, and he had a curiosity to catch a glimpse of that individual's physiognomy.

Leaving Bob to prosecute his search, let us follow Mart Springer on his journey back to the hotel with his message for King Dick.

That worthy was still reposing in the arms of Morpheus, when a heavy knock at the door aroused him from his slumbers, and restored him to consciousness. To his request to "come in," Mart responded by entering the room.

"Where's Bob?" was the first query, as he noted the vacant space in the bed.

"Gone to New Orleans," responded Springer.

"The —— he has! and what for?"

"He and I were taking a walk down by the piers, and a man came along with a woman dressed in black; Bob swore it was a woman named Mayfield, and, as the boat had shoved off, he spread himself some on the jump I tell you; but before he went, he told me to paddle up this way and tell you he was bound for Orleans, and that you'd better follow, while the trail was warm, in the next boat."

"And when does the next boat leave?" inquired Dick.

"In about an hour or two, more or less, *I guess*."

"Then here goes for New Orleans?" and Dick sprang out of bed.

"By the way, if you've no objections I wouldn't mind being counted along with you. I don't exactly like the private institutions of this interesting little place that folks call St. Louis, and want to get back to New Orleans."

"You lived there, did you?" said Dick, as he proceeded with his dressing.

"Guess I did once, and slightually imagine I'm pretty well acquainted with the precise localities of that place; I am, myself."

"You're just the man I want then, and if you're agreeable, and want to make a little of the pewter, perhaps I can give you a job. I want some one that knows the city pretty well to show me around, and I want some one that's pretty sharp and got lots of backbone. Now I'll pay you well if you'll do my business for me, and it ain't anything that will bring you into difficulty. If you want to go along, say the word, and it's a bargain."

"All right; I'm the identical chap for yer money."

The steps of some one traversing the passage arrested the attention of Mart Springer, and they seemed to be pretty familiar by the way he disappeared under the bed.

"Here you are; right in here, sir," said one of the outsiders, which advice was immediately followed by a sharp, decisive knock on the door.

"Come in!" sang out Dick, as he pulled on his coat.

The door opened, and in stalked a tall gentlemanly dressed personage who gave a searching glance around the room. Mart Springer, under the bed clothes, moved not a muscle; as for Dick, that worthy stared unflinchingly into the cold grey eyes, which finally rested upon him.

"Yes, you're one of the men," said the stranger; "but where's the other?"

"What man's that?" queried Dick, in response.

"One of the two who kicked up perfect hell around at Johnny Mackle's last night. Where's your friend?"

"Just stepped out—but I'm here, so whatever you

want to say, just hurry it up, as I've no time to lose. I haven't had any breakfast, and want to leave for Davenport by the morning boat."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. O. L., New York.—We can answer your query best, by giving the clause of the statute of the State of New York referring thereto, which reads as follows:—"Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for *ten days*, and an inhabitant of this State *one year* next preceding any election, and for the last *four months* a resident of the county where he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election, in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that now are, or hereafter may be elective by the people, but such citizen shall have been for *thirty days*, next preceding the election, a resident of the district, from which the officer is to be chosen for whom he offers his vote."

TCHOUPITAULIS.—1. It was stated that Jack MacDonald made a bet that the fight between Heenan and Sayers would last a certain time, which was afterwards denied by him. 2. Yes. Tom Cribb was Champion of England during the days of Dan Donnelly. 3. It was expected that the two would set-to at one or two sparring exhibitions in 1819, but they did not. Nothing transpired to induce any one to believe that a P. R. battle would occur between them.

PEMBERTON, Lawrence, Mass.—*All Fours.*—1. A having high and low, goes out first, as B's Jack does not count until high and low have been taken. 2. When the Jack is turned up, the point is taken at once, but when it is made in play, it is not taken until the general summing up, when it takes third place, in the following order:—high, low, Jack, game. 3. If through an error of the dealer a misdeal occurs, a new deal might be called, and the dealer could not score the point for turning up Jack.

PATRICK O'ROURKE, Point of Rocks, Md.—*Bluff.*—Five persons are playing bluff. No. 1 deals, No. 2 chips 50 cents, No. 3 does the same, Nos. 4, 5 and 1 pass out. No. 2 wishes to go 50 cents better, but No. 3 objects and calls him. Has No. 2 got a right to go more or not?.....He has not, unless No. 3 allows him the privilege. Nos. 4, 5 and 1, passing out, makes No. 3's "chip" equal to a "call."

BEATRICE.—Col. T. Allston Brown, author of our Dramatic Portrait Gallery, was born in the city of Newburyport, Mass., in 1836. Since 1852 he has resided in Philadelphia, but for the last six years has travelled as business agent and treasurer for various theatrical companies, etc.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Eastport.—1. B cannot play it alone. 2. Where the dealer passes, and his partner assists, we have always taken the ground that the former cannot play it alone. Hoyle says he can, or he cannot, but that the point should be settled before commencing the game.

G. H. G., Erving.—There are merchant vessels leaving this port and Boston almost daily, but what the chances for a "possible" on board are, we do not know, but believe them to be slim. Uncle Sam will give you a job doubtless.

SPORTER, Fulton.—1. A good clear voice, with a knowledge of elocution, is all that is necessary, providing you can afford the time and expense. 2. There are no "rules and regulations" to be had in this city.

W. C., Port Henry, N. Y.—1. We never heard of such a catastrophe. 2. It is impossible for us to state with any degree of exactness, what the strength is of the two armies. 3. Money received and credited.

A CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—1. Present it in person to some stage manager. 2. We have no record of his death, but it occurred since 1852. 3. The lady's maiden name was Wagstaff.

A. B. P., Willimantic, Conn.—If the accident was the fault of the dealer, he would not be entitled to the count; but if not his fault, he could score the point.

OIL REGIONS.—You might do very well in this city for a time; write to some of our managers. If we can assist you, we shall be happy to do so.

ASTOR HOUSE.—1. The Astor Place Riot occurred May 10th, 1849. 2. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought February 7th, 1849.

CONSTANT READER.—Joe Coburn after his fight with Harry Gribbin, challenged any man, of 148 lbs., in the United States, for $1,000.

PAUL JONES, Louisville, Ky.—Our terms for a club of eight are twelve dollars per annum.

S. V., Philadelphia.—We do not think it advisable to attempt to get up such a match at the present time.

O. B., Washington.—Hyer fought McCleester and Yankee Sullivan, winning in both instances.

S. T. S., Louisville, Ky.—One dollar. Address Media, Delaware Co., Pa.

J. G., New York.—Jemmy Massey fought no regular prize ring battle while here. Of "private mills" we keep no record.

DRUMMER BOY, Boston.—John Grindell is in Kerrigan's regiment.

HARRY, Pittsburgh, Pa.—On Monday evening.

INTERNATIONAL PUGILISTIC MATCH.

HEENAN WILL NOT GO TO ENGLAND.

PROBABILITY OF THE FIGHT TAKING PLACE IN CANADA.

Mace Intimates His Willingness to Meet Heenan.

By the last mails from England, we have a few rather important items in connection with a second International Pugilistic contest. It will be remembered that some four or five months ago the CLIPPER announced that John C. Heenan had sent a letter to England expressing his willingness to fight Mace, King, or any other man that country could produce, for $10,000; and offering, also, a very large bonus to have the contest decided on the soil of Canada. This news, which was strictly correct, we gave in advance of any other paper, and it was through the CLIPPER that Mace first learned that such a challenge had been forwarded; McDonald at the time our paper reached London, not having yet revealed the contents of the letter he had received from Heenan. This challenge was given in answer to the imputation cast upon Heenan's courage by Mace, King, and others in London. Mace promised to give the matter his attention, but nothing definite was done at the time. In August, Heenan issued another challenge, which was published in the CLIPPER, although it was merely a repetition of what we had stated a month or two previous. Mace upon reading the second *defi*, offered to make a match for $2000, and fight in England. Jack McDonald, on behalf of Heenan, agreed to make the stakes $5000, but Mace declined to come to terms until his match with King should be settled, when, he promised, win or lose, he would accommodate the Benicia Boy. Thus matters stood in England.

Here, a self appointed "representative" of Heenan manifested a great desire to have the match made at once, more for his own benefit than for the interest of the Boy. He was willing, also, that the battle should be fought in England. About this time, however, we received intelligence of the sale of Heenan's belt, by a London pawnbroker, and we at once came to the conclusion that the much talked of change of feeling in favor of Heenan was all bosh; otherwise, the paltry sum of two or three hundred dollars could have been raised to pay the balance due on the belt. We therefore opposed the Boy's projected visit to London, and insisted that if we were to have a second International Match, it should be fought on Canadian soil, or not at all; the Boy's "representative" to the contrary, notwithstanding. We wanted to save Heenan from a repetition of the scenes enacted at Farnborough. We did not ask Mace to fight Heenan in the States, for As would have no more chance here than Heenan had in England. We desired a fair field for both men, and we felt confident that that end could best be attained in Canada. We are glad to find that our counsels have prevailed, and, that the Boy will not essay another contest in England. A high authority in pugilistic circles in London, in a letter received here, a few days since, thinks Heenan had *better not re visit England!*

If the mountain, however, will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet, it is now intimated, will come to the Mountain; and the probability is that Heenan and Mace will meet on the soil of Canada, and there settle their claim to the superiority. The London *Sporting Life*, a paper that seems to enjoy the confidence of Mace, states that it is thought that Mace will shortly bind himself in money, to fight Heenan in Canada. The following is the article in print:—

We believe from what has come to our knowledge within the last few hours, that there is a great probability of Mace having a "turn up", with Heenan. The English Champion has within the last few days [thrown out a hint or two, which would lead to the inference that, when certain matters are matured, *he will finally accept the Benicia Boy's challenge, and bind himself in money to fight in Canada.* In the event of a match upon such terms being completed, it may be as well to state, *nothing will be done without the most substantial guarantees from Heenan and his friends.*

Negotiations are now on foot to back Mace against John C. Heenan, if the Benicia Boy declines to leave America, and meet the Champion on his native soil. There is no doubt that the money (to any amount) will be forthcoming, should the American not feel inclined to cross the Atlantic.

The "substantial guarantees," we presume, refer to a fair field, and no outside interference; and such guarantees, we hope—should a match be made—the Boy's friends will give. We detest all interference in a contest being waged fairly and squarely according to the rules of the ring, and if Mace should conclude to fight in Canada, we shall do all in our power to see that he has fair play, equally with his antagonist. Let us not imitate the conduct of those who violated all rules of right and justice in their efforts to defeat Heenan in his match with Sayers. We may now look for further advices on the subject of Mace's acceptance. An International Prize Fight in this country will create an excitement such as was never before witnessed here. For reliable information on the proposed event, the CLIPPER will be read with increased interest.

The match between Mace and Tom King, for the Championship of England, is progressing favorably, the deposits being regularly made at the time and place appointed. King's match with Mace gives additional interest to the coming fight between King and Young Broome. By private advices from London, we learn that in the championship match, Mace is the favorite in the betting at two to one. Our opinion is, that such odds will not hold good after King's meeting with Young Broome, for we much mistake the men if King does not prove the victor over Broome. King is said to be in the best possible condition, and is the favorite in the betting. Even the championship battle is no sure thing for Mace, who is doing his best to keep in practice, and get into excellent condition, which goes to show that he does not hold his opponent too lightly. Mace had matched himself to run ten miles within the hour, for a wager of £100 to £50.

P.S.—Since penning the above, we received through private hands, the report of the King and Broome fight, which we give *in toto* elsewhere. By it, it will be seen that our opinion on the merits of the two men, individually and comparatively, above given, were quite correct, and as King has won, and that too after a most gallant resistance by Young Broome, we again reiterate that the odds on the Championship battle, as above quoted, will not hold good.

THAT HOAX.

THE ALLEGED FIGHT BETWEEN SAYERS AND MACE.
THE FRAUD AND ITS CONCOCTORS.
SHAMEFUL IMPOSITION.

Sayers and Mace Have Never Even Quarrelled.

SOME few weeks ago, for the want of a more truthful sensation, one of our contemporaries came out with a flaming article announcing that a fight had taken place in Liverpool between Tom Sayers and Jem Mace, and that after "half an hour's hard and very fast fighting, a terrific hit from the 'auctioneer' on the throat, knocked Mace all abroad," and Sayers became the victor. We at once pronounced the affair a hoax, and stated that no such fight had ever taken place, for the CLIPPER is always ahead with facts. That our readers may have an idea of the character of the hoax practised upon the patrons of another paper, we give the article, as it appeared in the latter, first stating, as we stated at the time of its appearance, that the whole thing was a shameful hoax, without the slightest foundation in truth. Here is the fraud, as we find it originally stated in a paper purporting to be devoted to sporting interests. It would be better, hereafter, to call that paper the "Hoax of the Times."

"We learn from a gentleman who arrived by the steamer City of New York, that the celebrated ex-Champion and the almost equally renowned Champion have had a 'turn up' in the bar-room of a hotel in Lime street, Liverpool, very recently. Our informant states that Jem Mace, who is, or was at the time, under an engagement with Pablo Fanque's Circus Troupe, met Sayers, who is also engaged with another travelling circus (Howes and Cushing's), in Liverpool. It is well known that for a long time past, a latent spirit of hostility and jealous rivalry has existed between the two pugilistic luminaries, and that this feeling has been increased, if not actually engendered, by the openly-expressed contemptuous estimation of the ex-Champion for Mace's pugilistic abilities and science. The challenge which Mace threw out to the gallant Tom, after the latter's public announced retirement from the prize ring, coupled with the well-known fact that the handsome annuity (accruing from the magnificent fund of subscriptions which had been the reward of his gallantry in his contest with Heenan) which he now enjoys, would be forfeited if he again entered the ring, has added fuel to the previously existing fire of animosity between them. The meeting accidentally in a bar-room, one evening in Liverpool, where both of the respective circus troopers were exhibiting, and the mutual recriminations which ensued, naturally led from a 'war of words' to one of blows. Both men 'peeled' on the spot, and the spectators present enjoyed the intensely exciting spectacle of Champion and ex-Champion of England 'milling' each other with that vigor and severity that only deep rooted personal animosity can produce. We are told, and can readily believe, that the fight was an unusually interesting one. Mace, in consequence of his regular and temperate habits, was in far the best condition; Sayers being, as is well known, considerably of a *bon vivant*, with a strong partiality for indulging in conviviality, company and late hours. His indomitable, bull-dog courage, tremendously powerful hitting, and thorough practical knowledge of fighting, at last enabled him to gain a decisive victory over the Champion. After half an hour's hard and very fast fighting, a terrific hit from the 'auctioneer' on the throat, knocked Mace abroad, and unable again to come to the scratch. As soon as it was all over, Tom was among the first in endeavoring to bring his gallant opponent round; all his animosity having evaporated on the defeat of his antagonist. Sayers himself did not escape unscathed, as Mace repeatedly visited his 'dial' with his dangerous left, making his 'mark' very legibly, while Tom showed that his right hand had not forgot its cunning, by the execution done on his opponent."

Some of our daily papers were gulled into copying this hoax, and they have never yet had the honesty to undeceive their readers. As we before remarked, we at once pronounced the reported fight a hoax and fraud, and we are sustained by the testimony of letters from London, and by the following extract from the London *Sporting Life*:—

"It is almost unnecessary to inform our readers that the above extract *has not one particle of foundation in truth.* While Mace and Sayers were traveling together, there were rumors of various disputes between them but they have never even quarrelled, and certainly have too much self-respect to give way to milling "in the bar-room of a tavern." The account of the supposed fight is as entirely fictitious as Barnum's mermaid, and we cannot help remarking here, that before Wilkes' paper represents our champions as participators in such a blackguardly brawl, they should have better authority than a nameless gentleman "who arrived by the steamer City of York." Mace and Sayers are not animated by any such animosities as our transatlantic contemporaries represent. On the contrary, they have at no moment expressed feelings of rivalry, except when Mace, who was then ignorant of Sayers' position with the trustees of his fund, issued a challenge to fight in the usual manner. Nor is it at all likely that, if any "war of words" passed between them, they would choose a bar room to decide their difference, after the most approved manner of drunken "navvies." We should have imagined that the present awful civil war would have provided the American press with an abundance of "sensation" articles, *without inventing a sham fight between the two great English pugilists, Sayers and Mace.* As it is, we have copied the account of the alleged mill, in order that our readers may *laugh over the ridiculous hoax.*"

Some journals do not seem to care much about truth when a "sensation" is needed, and some will invent falsehood after falsehood, in order to carry their ends. We have had repeated instances of the kind of late. The *Mercury*, a Sabbath paper, being "headed" by the CLIPPER in getting up the great base ball match between picked nines of New York and Brooklyn, had the audacity to state that the match had been postponed! A few were deceived by the barefaced lie, but the CLIPPER's reputation for truthfulness and reliability was borne out by the game being played on the day named in the CLIPPER. The only effect of the falsehood of the "unreliable Sunday paper," was to make its unreliability still more manifest. So, too, with the journal that originated the Sayers and Mace hoax. Newspapers must be in terribly straitened circumstances when they thus resort to deception and falsehood. And such conduct is not very complimentary to their patrons, either. It is an imputation upon their respectability and honesty, and makes them, as it were, parties to the deceptions practiced. However, as far as sporting and theatrical matters are concerned, the people know that the CLIPPER is the acknowledged authority, truthful and reliable; and for facts, to that source they apply. So much for the Sayers and Mace hoax.

THE GREAT CHESS STRUGGLE.—The chess contest between those two among the greatest living practitioners of Caissa's mysteries, Kolisch and Paulsen, is being most stubbornly contested and a corresponding degree of interest among all lovers of the game, the world over, is excited. But, truth to say, from present appearances the final record in favor of the brilliant Hungarian will be small indeed. He appears to us to have betaken himself to St. Amant's tactics as his match with the mighty Staunton grew desperate—to play for draws. This may indefinitely protract the fight, but can scarcely affect the question of who will finally win. Present score—Kolisch 1; Paulsen 4; Drawn 8.....We are greatly surprised to learn that it was no less an amateur than the well-known Henry Buckle, Esq., who was most forward in interfering in some of the games in Mr. Paulsen's last and greatest blindfold feat. We repeat—we are greatly surprised. Doubtless *Bell's Life's* suggestions will be observed on the next occasion.....MR LEONARD'S next blindfold match will be played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," on Saturday evening, 16th inst., and will consist of ten simultaneous games.

FOOT BALL FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Among the many articles of use and comfort sent out with the great Naval Expedition, which sailed on the 29th ult., were several hundred foot balls, intended for out-door pastime and recreation for the soldiers that may be thrown on shore on the Southern coast. We are glad to find that the Government has an eye to the health, comfort and amusement of its army. Foot ball is one of the most exhilarating games for the fall and winter season, that we know of, and by a little exercise in this way, the regular drill and other duties of the soldier become less irksome than they otherwise would be. After the rebels shall have been made to see the error of their ways, through the influence of cannon ball practice, our soldiers can then give them a few lessons in the peaceful and amusing game of foot ball.

OFF FOR BOSTON.—The rebel prisoners who have tenanted Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, for some time past, have been removed to the vicinity of Boston. This will help to balance accounts with the Southern Confederacy in regard to the transfer of Union prisoners from Richmond to Charleston. All good Union men heartily detest South Carolina, and all rebels look upon Massachusetts with similar feelings. To make the captivity of the Union men in the South more unbearable, the Confederate powers ordered their removal from MANASSAS and Richmond, to Charleston, S. C. the hot bed of treason and rebellion. One result of this change has been as above indicated, the removal of rebel prisoners from the cozy retreat at Fort Lafayette, to the more confining "dees tricks" in Boston harbor. One pays the other. Make your selections, gentlemen, the game is open.

ANOTHER GRAND BASE BALL MATCH.—A grand match at Base Ball is to be played on the St. George cricket ground, at Hoboken, on Thursday, Nov. 7th, as a complimentary benefit to MESSRS. R. Pearce and James Creighton, the former being the noted short-stop of the Atlantic Club, and the latter the pitcher, *par excellence*, of the Excelsiors. As both these gentlemen have promptly tendered their services to aid cricketers on late occasions, we trust to see the cricketers respond heartily to the call made upon them by these worthy and most skillful ball players.

THE AMERICAN DEER AND THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—Elsewhere in this issue may be found a report of a foot race between Deerfoot, the American Indian, and Jackson, the American Deer, in which the former proved the winner. Jackson's day is past. He is not the runner now that he was when he visited this country. Age will tell, and the American Deer is not so light of foot as he was when he ran more than eleven miles in one hour. He has held out better, however, than most celebrated runners; and within the past two or three years has won some very good races. Deerfoot is fresh, and rakes the pile.

TOM KING AND YOUNG BROOME.—The battle between these men, which may be considered as preliminary to the battle for the championship of England, between Mace and King, has transpired, King having succeeded in pulling it off in his favor, after a most desperate resistance by Broome. Prize Ring affairs appear to be looking up, and it is possible that Heenan may yet find a customer. See full report of battle, etc., elsewhere.

ON HIS TRAVELS.—The Indian Deerfoot, the pedestrian, is still on his travels in great Britain, meeting and vanquishing the most noted foot runners in that country. From present appearences he will nett a greater sum by his performances in England than Jackson, the American Deer, netted in America. Jem Mace, the pugilistic champion, has, it appears, entered the lists against him.

CALIFORNIA SPORTING ITEMS.

THE TURF.—Considerable sport on the turf appears to have transpired in the Golden State recently, the latent merits of some of the fast stock there having been brought out. We append the summaries of the principal events:

YOLO GROVE COURSE, SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, Sept. 20 h.—Trotting race for proprietors' purse of $1,000, mile heats, three in five; to harness.

John Crooks' (E H Parker's) ch m California Damsel. 1 1 1
J L Eff's ch g Red Bird. 2 2 2
G N Ferguson's (Capt S Card's) gr g Glencoe Chief. dr
J M Daniels' (W D Chapman's) b g Jem Barton. dr
Time—2:34; 2:31; 2:31¼.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21.—Proprietors purse for $500; running race; mile heats.

N Combs' b h Ashland by Glencoe, dam Mary Bell by Sea Gull, 7 yrs, carrying 100 lbs. 1 1
A F Grigsby's ch h Dashaway by Belmont, dam by Red Bill, 4 yrs, carrying 86 lbs. 2 2
Time—1:48¾; 1:47.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstake trot for all three year olds foaled in 1858; entrance $100, forfeit $50; mile heats, to harness.

J L Eff's b c Ben Woods by Ethan Allen, dam unk'n 2 1 1
Josiah Session's s g Honest John. 1 2 2
L B Lathrop's b c Prince Albert by Belmont, dam unk 3 3 3
Jones & Rockwell's b c Challenge, sired by North Horse, he by Hill's original Black Hawk, dam by Black Lion, and he by original Black Hawk. pd ft
Martin Godfrey's b c Sleepy Dick. pd ft
S B Wampple's gr c Paddy McGee by Gen Taylor, dam Peggy McGee. pd ft
Time—3:42; 3:47¼; 3:30.

STALLION TROT.—Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Match for $500 a side; mile heats three in five; to harness.

J Kelly's gr s Gen Taylor. 1 2 1 1
W Kohl's gr s Stockbridge Chief. 2 1 2 2
Time—2:44; 2:44; 2:45; 2:45.

PIONEER COURSE.—Thursday, Sept. 26th.—Trotting match for $500; two mile heats.

Ches Shear's b m Alice, trotter, to harness. 2 1 1
W G Finch's b h Alec Barnes, pacer, to wagon. 1 2 2
Time—5:56½; 5:51; 5:58.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another foot race is shortly to take place at Warm Springs, Cal., near the neighborhood of San Jose, between Pedro Selaya and David Carr. The following is the agreement entered into between the parties: "This agreement made and entered into this 19th day of September, A. D. 1861, by and between Guadalupe Selaya, on the part of Pedro Selaya and David Carr, witnesseth: that the said Pedro Selaya and the said David Carr, do hereby agree to run a foot race, of one hundred yards for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars a side, on the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1861. The conditions of the said race are to be as follows: The said Pedro Selaya is to give the said David Carr, six feet at the start; the money to be deposited in the hands of John M. Murphy, and the said Murphy to say whether the said race shall be run on the San Jose Race Track, or at the Warm Springs. If the race is run at the Warm Springs, Selaya is to make and prepare both tracks, and if run on the San Jose track, then Carr is to make and prepare both tracks. The said John M. Murphy to decide between this day and the first day of October, 1861, at which of the two above named places the said race shall be run. The choice of the tracks to be decided on the day of the race, by tossing up a piece of money.

We toss our hands and seals this day and year above written.

Witness:
JOHN B. HEWSON. GUADALUPE SELAYA,
DAVID CARR.

THE TRIGGER.—By all accounts they do some tall shooting in California, and kill the largest sort of game occasionally, and at the same time narrate their achievements with such nonchalance, that we cannot help, for the sake of being polite and accommodating, but believe them, leaving our readers to do as they please about the matter. We append an item or two as a sample of their doings with the gun and pen, particularly the latter:—

SHOT A GRIZZLY.—Col. N. E. Whitesides, of Yuba county, ex-Speaker of the Assembly, shot a grizzly on the coast range lately, weighing 1873½ lbs. The Colonel, as a matter of course, is very proud of the exploit. An exchange wisely adds: "We are forced to the conclusion that the Colonel is a fo-*bearing* man. But, if that 'bar' weighed 1000 lbs., wouldn't it be weighty?"

BAGGING QUAIL.—"Messrs. Hickman, Starbuck and Sperry, of Stockton, recently killed 280 quail in twelve hours. Counting by dozens, this is 23⅓ dozen, and better sport is seldom or ever recorded. The sportsmen of Stockton, generally, are splendid shots." Who doubts it after the above?

THREE DEER AT ONE SHOT.—It is stated, that on Tuesday, Sept. 22d, Wade H. Johnson, of Calaveras County, whilst hunting on the San Antonio ridge, in that county, shot *three* full-grown deer at one shot, and with *one* bullet. The first one struck was hit in the neck, and fell dead in its tracks; the second was struck in the heart, and ran about fifty yards; the third was so badly wounded that Johnson, by following half a mile, got another shot at it and bagged his game. This is the greatest shooting we have heard of yet. That bullet beats the seven charmed bullets of Der Freyschutz.

FENCING.—A display of fencing took place at the exhibition of the San Francisco Olympic Club, at Platt's Hall, on Monday evening, Sept. 23d, between Col. Monstery and Mons. Perrier. These gentlemen are both professors of arms, and represent each his particular school of fence—the latter, Mons. Perrier, that of France, the former, Col. Monstery, that of Denmark and the North of Europe, generally. Both gentlemen manifested much skill—the first thrust, disarm and closure, belonging to Col. Monstery, Mons. Perrier making handsome *riposte*.

BALL PLAY.

ANOTHER GRAND BASE BALL MATCH.
BETWEEN
THE JUNIORS OF BROOKLYN AND NEW YORK.

Shortly after the time had been appointed for the late Silver Ball match among the seniors, a contest was proposed between selected nines from the New York and Brooklyn Junior Clubs, committees were appointed, and two nines chosen, the New York from the Mystic, Resolute, Oriental, and Brooklyn from the Constellation, Resolute, Oriental, and Niagara clubs. The players and their positions were as follows:

NEW YORK.	BROOKLYN.
W. J. Kelley, catcher.	Taylor, catcher.
T Kelley, pitcher.	Ransom, pitcher.
C Glover, short stop.	M Rogers, short stop.
Page, 1st base.	Hicks, 1st base.
Simonson, 2d base.	N Smith, 2d base.
Ebbetts, 3d base.	Bliss, 3d base.
McCarty, left field.	Thomas, left field.
Walker, centre field.	Blackwell, centre field.
Ketcham, right field.	A. Rogers, right field.

Four of the New-York nine were from the Mystic club, four from the Actives, and one from the Unknown. On the Brooklyn side, three were from the Resolute, and two from each of the Constellation, Oriental, and Niagara clubs. On Monday, Oct. 28th, the first match of the home and home series arranged between these parties, took place on the Mutual's grounds at Hoboken. This match was anything but satisfactory. In the first place, the New York team were minus the services of W. J. Kelley, their catcher, who is one of the best players in that position in the Junior clubs. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, the nine who presented themselves on the ground, began the game in good style, and played well in nearly all the positions. But throughout the game the absence of Kelley materially affected the play. The Brooklyn nine had their full teams out, and were apparently in good condition for play, but their fielding as a nine, was far behind what we have seen the same players do in their club matches. The New York party went first to the bat, and at the close of the 1st innings they had scored eight runs, seven, out of the nine players who made their 1st base, getting there by loose fielding. In this innings Ebbetts was beautifully put out on a fine throw of Taylor's to N Smith at 2d base, and Glover well taken on the fly by the latter. Thomas was severely hurt on the face while fielding a ball at left field, on which McCarty, by the accident, made a home run. Thomas fell with his face on the seat against the fence, and was stunned for the time being. He, however, continued on the field, but the blow evidently affected his play. To off set this fine lead, the Brooklynites were only allowed to obtain one run; Taylor being the lucky individual. Thomas secured his 1st base by a good hit, and afterwards reached his 3d, but in running home on a passed ball, was well put out by Amory and T. Kelly. Ransom made his 2d base by good batting, but did not get further than his 3d, before the third hand was lost, Walker putting out M. Rogers by a good fly catch. The score now stood 8 to 1, New York having the lead, and this they maintained up to the 7th innings, when the Brooklynites, who had steadily but surely been gaining ground almost each innings, succeeded in securing the lead to 14. By this time, the sun had set, and time began to be valuable, but by quick work in fielding the game might have been proceeded with to the close of the 8th innings. The New Yorkers began the 8th innings, T. Kelly being the first striker and Taylor and Blackwell being pitcher and catcher. Good and fair balls were sent in, and Kelly hit one of them well towards 3d base, but Bliss missed it on the bound, and Kelly made his base, and afterwards got to his 3d, reaching home on a throw of Taylor's to 3d base. Amory was then well put out on the fly by Ransom from a fair ball; Ebbetts made his 1st base by a good hit, and his 3d on a passed ball. Glover made his 1st by a miss of Ransom's on the fly, which also let Ebbetts home, and miss-fielding afterwards sent Glover to his 3d from whence he cleverly arrived home, thus leading the Brooklyn score by two runs. Page then struck out; two hands out—McSweeny made his 1st base by good batting, and got home through wild throwing and misfielding. Walker then made a fine hit to right field which gave him a clean home run, and he would have struck out, but that Blackwell missed the 3d catch. In running to 1st base, however, the ball was thrown wildly and missed at 1st, after which McCarty leisurely went the round of the bases, no disposition being shown to put him out. At this stage of the proceedings, the crowd came in on the players, and a disturbance appeared likely to ensue, but after a little while, the crowd was induced to clear the field again, and the game—such as it was—went on. Over-pitching, miscatching, wild throwing, and missing the ball in the field was now the order of play on the part of Brooklyn, and striking out and walking to bases, that of the New York side, and the umpire seeing that further fair play on either side was quite out of the question, wisely called the game, the victory being decided by the result of the even 7th innings played. We refrain from making further comment on this discreditable termination of a match which was expected to be very satisfactory, inasmuch as it was arranged by "regularly authorized parties," and through the hands of committees from the several clubs, delegated for the purpose. About two thousand spectators were present, mostly juniors, and the behavior of the majority of them does not speak favorably for their love of order. On the play on the occasion, we have to commend the excellent pitching of T. Kelly, the fine 3d base play of Ebbetts; good short fielding of C. Glover, and the fine left fielding of McCarty. Page at 1st base, also played very creditably, as did Amory as catcher, in the latter part of the game. The remainder exhibited good fielding in one or other of the innings. Of the Brooklyn nine, Blackwell a fine catching; the good pitching of Taylor and Ransom; and the fine base play of Hicks, N Smith and Bliss, together with the active fielding of M. Rogers, merits most favorable comment. But on both sides, we failed to observe that degree of excellence as a whole that we have seen displayed by the same individuals in their club matches. In batting, McSweeny took the lead for New York and N Smith and Taylor for Brooklyn. The umpire had an arduous and unpleasant task to perform, but did it well and satisfactorily.

BATTING.

NEW YORK. NAMES	H.	L.	RUNS
Ebbetts, 3d b	2		1
C Glover, s s	3		2
Page, 1st b	3		1
McSweeny, r f	2		3
Walker, c f	3		1
McCarty, l f	2		2
Simonson, 2d b	3		1
T Kelley, p	1		2
Amory, c	2		1
Total	14		

BROOKLYN. NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Taylor, c	2		3
Thomas, l f	2		2
Bliss, c f	4		0
Ranson, p	2		1
M Rogers, s s	2		2
N Smith, 2d b	1		3
Hicks, 1st b	3		1
Blackwell, 3d b	2		2
A Rogers, r f	3		1
Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
New York	8	0	1	3	0	0	2	.	.	—14
Brooklyn	1	0	2	5	2	1	4	.	.	—15

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Ebbetts	0	0	0	0
C. Glover	0	2	0	2
Page	0	0	2	2
McSweeney	0	0	3	3
Walker	1	0	0	1
McCarty	0	1	0	1
Simonson	0	0	0	0
T. Kelley	0	1	2	3
Amory	1	5	0	6
Total	2	9	5	16

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Taylor	0	2	0	2
Thomas	0	0	0	0
Bliss	0	0	1	1
Ranson	0	1	1	2
M Rogers	2	2	0	4
N Smith	1	0	2	3
Hicks	0	0	0	4
Blackwell	2	2	0	4
A. Rogers	0	0	0	0
Total	5	7	8	20

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	1st	2d	3d	Base Foul
Ebbetts	0	0	1	1	0	0
C Glover	2	0	0	0	1	0
Page	0	1	2	0	0	0
McSweeney	0	1	0	0	0	1
Walker	0	1	1	1	0	0
McCarty	0	1	1	0	0	0
Simonson	0	1	0	0	0	1
T. Kelley	0	0	0	0	0	1
Amory	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	8	5	4	2	1	4

	Fly	B'd	1st	2d	3d	Base Foul
Taylor	0	2	0	0	0	0
Thomas	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bliss	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ranson	0	0	0	0	0	3
M Rogers	1	0	1	0	0	1
N Smith	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hicks	0	0	0	0	0	0
Blackwell	0	0	2	0	0	0
A. Rogers	0	0	0	0	0	2
Total	1	3	3	1	0	7

Umpire—A. B. Taylor, of the Mutual Club.
Scorers—for New York, Mr. Manson; for Brooklyn, Mr. Haynes.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 5.—T. Carroll and Ikey Byng—£10 a side, catch-weight, Portsmouth.
23.—Dan Lomas and Tom Kelly—£50, at 10st 6lb Manchester.
26.—Posh Price and Pemberton's Novice—£20 a side, Birmingham.
Dec. 10.—Bos Tyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.
10.—Morr s Phe an and Harry Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 8lb, Birmingham.
17.—Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton—£25 a side, open for £50, a side at catch weight, Home Circuit.
31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 7st 2lb, Birmingham.
Jan. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
Feb 1862.—Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Belt.—The deposit of £15 a side, due on October 11, was made good with the final stakeholder. King is in thorough trim for his approaching contest with Broome, about whom wagering becomes rather brisk. Mace has fulfilled his engagement with M. Pablo Fanque, and will remain at home, until he leaves for Birmingham, to run off his match against time, for £150, Jem having taken £100 to £50 that he runs ten miles in one hour.

Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, £100 a Side, at 10st 2lb.—A deposit of £12 a side, between Jack Rooke and Bob Brettle, was to be staked on Friday, Oct. 18th, to the final stake-holder.

Bos Tyler and Bob Travers, £200 at Catch Weight.—The £5 a side due on October 11th, making £55 now down, was made with the stakeholder.

GALLANT AND INTERESTING MILL FOR £20,

BETWEEN

TOM MORRIS AND RICHARD MOSE.

A match, which has been for some time looked forward to with great interest amongst the lovers of a good mill, took place on Monday, October 14, between Tom Morris, (brother to "Dan, of that ilk"), and Richard Mose (brother to Tom Mose), for £20, at catch-weight. Both have before had a couple of rough "turn ups" with the same antagonists, and as they both proved victorious, a spirit of rivalry sprung up between them, and after wordy warfare, as well as a long paper talk, deposits being staked and withdrawn until people were tired of the affair, a match was made for them to box for £20, at catch weight. Tom Morris was eighteen years old on the 11th of last August, and stands 5 feet 1½ inches in height, and on this occasion weighed about 8st 2lb. He trained at Garratt lane, and was certainly in beautiful condition, each muscle, when he stripped, standing out in bold relief. He was backed from, and took his departure from Mr. W. Knight's, and, considering the present was his first appearance in the magic square, he exhibited extreme confidence.

Richard Mose is nineteen years of age, stands 5 feet 4¼ inches in height, and weighs 8st 6lb. He had a couple of weeks training at Shepherd's Bush, but did not, by any means, look in the hardy condition of his opponent. He was backed by his brother and friends. A very early fixture having been appointed, after a couple of removes by the "invisibles," a quiet spot was found and the ring pitched by the indefatigable commissary and assistants, F. Oliver and Co. Mose lost no time in throwing his cap into the ring, amidst the usual cheers from his faithful adherents, and made his maiden appearance, attended by Jem Hill, of Chelsea, and a "very near friend." Tom Morris soon followed suit, making his *debut* under the fostering care of Bob Travers and his brother, Dan Morris. On tossing for choice of corners, Morris won, and chose the one with the wind on his back. The colors—blue, with a red and white-check border for Morris and the old red Belcher for Mose—having been tied to the stake, the men soon chose a referee, and, after a little chaff, a bet or two was made at evens, the men laying a few pounds with each other. They stood up at 9h. 45min. for

THE FIGHT

Round 1. After shaking hands, the lads stood for a few seconds, eyeing each other cautiously, and the contrast between the two called to mind the celebrated £1,000 mill between Johnny Hannan and Johnny Broome. Tom Morris is one of the finest diminutive specimens of a gladiator that need be seen, the chest being well covered with muscle, his shoulders thoroughly developed, and his head well set up, and a regular boxing neck and face. His attitude reminded one of the late Johnny Hannan, the more especially in the manner in which he stood with his feet and legs. Mose is more lofty in build, but very well proportioned, and, with his prominent features, made the resemblance to the above contest more palpable. On getting close, they sparred for a short space of time, until Morris, who was very eager, jumped in with his left, which was planted lightly on the chest. Mose missing in his counter. Morris, who would be busy, again went straight in, but was prettily stopped by Mose, who missed with his left, but nearly landed with his right. They then countered with the left, each stopping beautifully. Morris, in too great a hurry, missed with his left, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging right-hander, but received on the shoulder from the left. Very little sparring took place, as Morris dashed out his left on to the ribs, being countered on the forehead. This forced right and left exchanges, until after fighting on the ropes for some time, they broke away. Morris commenced proceedings by sending his left very short at the mark, slipped nearly down, and had to duck to avoid another right-hander. On renewing proceedings, several good counters were exchanged, both landing on the nose and mouth at the same time. Morris then got his right home on the jaw; Mose again missing with his right. Morris again first to lead off, planted a heavy one upon his opponent's nose, by which the first event was decided (first blood claimed and allowed for Morris). Mose, nothing daunted, rattled in, and after a couple of pretty counters had been delivered, they closed, and a tremendously severe rally took place, both receiving on the nose, mouth, and cheek, until Morris slipped down on his knees. This round lasted seven minutes.

2. It was apparent to all, even thus early in the fight, that a treat was in store for those who were so fortunate as to be present. Morris did not show any marks, with the exception of being flushed, and with a slight abrasion on the back of the neck from his previous contact with the rope. Mose had his right eye swelled and already discolored, as well as a bump on the right cheek bone, and several flushed spots on the breast. Both lads were blowing, and a little caution was displayed, until they drew up close, when they countered with the left like lightning, Mose landing his on the right cheek, Morris getting fairly between the eyes. Mose again got his left twice on the cheek and forehead. Morris, in return, planted heavily on the chest and neck. They then closed, both being very busy with both hands on the head and body, until they fought to the ropes, where they stood some time struggling for the fall, both eventually going down together, separating when they were down by rolling apart.

3. Mose had a cut on the forehead, with his right eye going up, but still with undaunted confidence; Morris had a bump or two on the ribs and forehead, but with no further damage. The instant the lads faced each other, Mose forced the fighting, and Morris, being nothing loth, they soon got at it; some fine left-hand counters straight on the nose took place. Morris, very eager, got close and feinted; Mose got away, but delivered his left on the neck as he retreated. After two or three bauks, Morris succeeded in planting his left on the mark. Mose rlied, tried to force the fighting, caught it heavily on the nose; Morris again making the feint. Mose rushed at him, and a pretty rally took place to the ropes, where Dick got on the "hug," but, on Morris' knees nearly reaching the ground, Mose loosed him in the most manly manner. Time, 16 min.

4. Mose, who was very eager, was the first up; had his forehead swelled, and eye nearly up; while Morris' left ear and side of neck were much flushed from the right handed deliveries of Mose. No time was lost in getting together, as they countered on the nose simultaneously; Morris was short with his left, Mose sending his right well upon the neck. Morris then feinted, Mose getting well away twice. Morris then planted his left well on the mark. Mose, who forced the fighting, tried his right, missed, hitting very short, but following Morris up, he got on right and left, receiving on the chest. This drew on some good exchanges, until they closed at the ropes, and, after a short struggle, they were both down, side by side. The betting was very brisk at evens.

5. The lads sparred for wind in this round. On getting within shot, Morris feinted twice at the body, Mose planting his right heavily on the ribs, which made Morris rub the sore spot. Mose forced the fighting, following Morris to his corner, and they fought severely at the ropes until Morris went down.

6. Morris had neck and ribs discoloured, Mose having his forehead cut and his eye discoloured as they came up. Mose, who had received orders to force the fighting, went in and delivered his right well upon the neck. Morris in return landing on the forehead. Mose then forced the boxing; and Morris retiring to the ropes, Mose followed him, and got on the "hug," and held him until Morris got down.

7. No time was lost in sparring, as Morris, as soon as they were up, planted his left on the ribs. Mose's left getting on the neck. Mose, who was eager, followed Morris, and got on his right on the jaw, and again on the cheek. Morris planting on the cheek and chest; they then countered, Morris getting well upon the neck and chest; Mose on the left ear. They fought to a close, where after a short struggle, Morris threw Mose.

8 and 9. These rounds were well and equally contested, Mose receiving the most punishment, as he was bleeding from the mouth, nose, and right eye, Morris only having his left ear and side of his neck bruised. They stood together and fought hit for hit until they broke away, but Mose, who would not be denied, followed Morris to his corner, where, after some terrific exchanges, Mose sent a straight left hander on to Morris' jaw, which staggered him, and finally sent him to grass. The second event was thus decided in favor of Mose, viz., the knock-down.

10. Both lads came up well to time, and eager for the fray. Mose, with his eye more or less close, mouth and nose awry, while Morris' castiron physiognomy had scarcely a mark. Mose rushed to close quarters, where, after several good exchanges, in which they countered on the chest and cheek, Mose forced Morris to the ropes, where he fell outside on his hands and knees. Time, 29 min.

11. Morris came up with a cut on his cheek; Mose with his eyes in mourning &c. Mose took the initiative by planting upon the nose and again upon the mouth, receiving on the nose and chest. Mose, who would not be denied, forced the fighting to the ropes, where they fought a very severe rally, until they closed at the ropes, and after a short struggle, both were down, Morris under. Betting, 5 to 4 on Morris.

12 to 20. These rounds were contested in the most manly style, neither flinching from punishment, and the tide turning in each one's favor, as they from time to time fell weak from their exertions. They countered each time simultaneously, and then closing, fought until they broke away, the same tactics being pursued in each round, and all were finished by a severe rally at the ropes, until they were either one or the other down. In the last of these, Mose fell weak, and slipped on his back.

21. Mose came up willingly at the call of time, but with both eyes nearly closed, and bleeding from cuts below each, as well as being very weak. Morris was at this time strong upon his legs, with no marks of consequence, only showing cuts on his lips and cheek, but with several abrasions on his left side, neck and ear; the blows of Mose had apparently no strength, while those of Morris had lost none of their power. Morris, as soon as he faced his opponent, dashed his left straight on to the damaged ogle, again drawing the claret, Mose getting on, but with no effect. Morris feinted to draw Mose, who landed a light upper cut, and missed a straight left hander. Morris then forced the fighting, and a good rally took place, until Mose went down very weak.

22 to 28. Notwithstanding all the game efforts of Mose, whose eyes were rapidly going up, Morris, from his superior condition, took a decided lead, as he forced the fighting at the outset, but was invariably met with great determination by Mose, who endeavored to win by every means in his power, and in plenty of instances only just missed some very dangerous deliveries, the majority being received on the shoulder. The last of these rounds was concluded by a tremendous rally at the ropes, where Mose fell from weakness.

29. Mose was all but blind with both eyes, and very weak, but resolute. Morris, who was as strong as ever, forced the fighting, but Mose had apparently recovered, for he fought most desperately, and delivered hit for hit, until Morris forced him to the ropes, where Morris, being the strongest, threw him and fell upon him.

30. Morris, who waited for Mose's eyes to go up, displayed great judgment in the manner he sparred; but on Mose following him up, Morris got his left fairly on the mouth, Mose getting a light one on the eye. This forced a couple of exchanges, when Mose fell from exhaustion. Time, 1 hour 18 min.

31 and last. A long time passed before Mose could face his opponent, but the game fellow would insist upon going up, but evidently only to receive punishment, for on Morris getting within reach, he hit out of all distance a couple of times, receiving on the forehead. This brought on exchanges at the ropes, where Morris closed, and forced Mose back over them, and fell on him. On getting Mose to his corner, he was found to be totally blind, and his seconds threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, Morris being hailed the winner after fighting 1 hour and 20 min.

REMARKS.

These bantams although not known to fame, have shown how battles ought to be contested, and with more practice both will eventually prove of much more than the ordinary merit. The winner is a perfect pocket Hercules, and uses his left with much dexterity; and from his appearance in the ring for the late encounter, we opine he must be a good and attentive trainer and to which he may, in a great measure, attribute his victory. The loser, Richard Mose, is one of the gamest lads that ever doffed a shirt to fight, and if in condition, and with sufficient practice, he will prove a very awkward customer to any one of his weight. He has a very useful member in his right hand, which he uses with great rapidity, but rather short—several times during the fight he was only just too short. He shed tears of mortification at his defeat, and was, of course, much exhausted from his exertions; but, under the judicious management of his attendants, soon rallied, and accompanied his party back to town.

PEDESTRIANISM.

DEERFOOT, THE AMERICAN INDIAN,

DEFEATS JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER,

IN A FOUR MILE RACE.

Public interest in the achievements of Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, have been aroused to an extent quite unprecedented in the annals of pedestrianism, and the "Child of the Prairie's" name promises to become as popular throughout the country as that of Blondin. Indeed, the Indian's party seem ambitious of making his name similarly celebrated, for they have issued posters putting the question, "Have you seen Deerfoot?" in direct imitation of the placards of the immortal rope-walker. Even "sweildom" has been fairly awakened, and the race of last Monday being central to the most fashionable portion of the metropolis, the running ground was visited by a large number of the aristocracy, the majority of whom were probably about to witness for the first time in their lives, a professional pedestrian encounter. Deerfoot's recent triumphant career in Manchester and Dublin have aroused very general interest. Probably no such scene as that witnessed on Monday at Mr. Roberts' ground ever occurred within an enclosed ground. In the palmy days of foot-racing, when "Beddington Corner" was the popular rendezvous, and turnpike-roads were free for the purpose, great gatherings have been witnessed, but such an assemblage as that of Monday for quality and quantity was never beheld upon any similar occasion. The extreme fineness of the weather no doubt tempted immense numbers of persons to the spot, while such was the interest awakened, that many visitors came from very long distances on purpose to sat sfy their curiosity. The race had been appointed for four o'clock, and long before that hour crowds began to arrive. The crowd was enormous, but of a more superior class than might have been anticipated, for, as in the memorable battle between Sayers and Heenan, "poets, painters, statesmen, and even clergymen," were represented. The scene prior to the race was peculiarly imposing; and the dense mob of heads on the raised embankment at the entrance to the running ground could be compared to nothing but the Grand Stand at Epsom on the Derby Day. Deerfoot's age is unknown, but supposed to be about twenty-eight. In personal appearance, he is majestic, with remarkably handsome features, and is mild and unobtrusive in his demeanor. Since his arrival here he has excited much attention whenever appearing in public, from his extraordinary appearance, which is chiefly attributable to an immense wolfskin, in which he is daily enveloped.

The Indian arrived in this country in the early part of August, and his backers lost no time in getting to business, for, on the 12th, he was matched to run "Little" Teddy Mills for the Six Miles Belt and £25 a side; and also the renowned Jem Pudney, ten miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's Cup. In the first of these matches, the Indian suffered defeat at Hackney Wick, on Sept. 9, but his performance on that occasion proved him to be a runner of the very first class, and a fit antagonist for "four" cracks. The match with Pudney ended in a draw. He next met White, of Gateshead, who at one time held the four, six, and ten-mile champion trophies, at the Salford Borough Gardens, Manchester, on the 16th of the same month, in a match of four miles, wherein he received 50 yards' start, and he then scored his first victory in England, winning by ten yards. On the following Monday, at Hackney Wick, he met and defeated both Mills and White, in a race of ten miles for the Champion's Cup. Making the most use of his time, we find him on the 30th of the same month paying a visit to the sister island, and running a race of ten miles, for £50 a side, with the once celebrated John Levett, who has run the fastest ten miles on record, giving Levett one minute's start. In this contest he was again successful, Levett giving up at a little over half the distance; and this brings us to his race on Monday last.

Jackson, or "the American Deer" (as he is termed, from having run in the United States), is an Englishman, whose real name is Wm. Howitt, was born at Norwich, and has been before the public as a long-distance runner for some years. He enjoys considerable celebrity, is now forty five years of age, and some twenty-four years since he commenced his racing career at Birmingham (where he had been working as a cabinet-maker and French polisher) in a mile race for £5 a side, in which he displayed such promising capabilities, that he attracted the eye of the "wonder," Bill Shepherd, and he was then matched with several good men at different lengths, whom he defeated. This led to his being matched with Moseley, of Sheffield; Byrom, the Lancashire Runner; John Smith, the Regent-street Pet; G. Seward, the American Wonder; W. Sheppard, of Birmingham (whom he defeated in an hour's race, doing upwards of eleven miles in that time, which feat has never been surpassed); Charles Westhall; R. Macks, for the Ten-mile Championship of England; and G. Frost, the Suffolk Stag. This brings us to the time of a champion's belt being first given for contention by Mr. J. Garratt, of the "Old Cope," in a race of ten miles, which was won by Frost, the Suffolk Stag; the little Norwich hero thereupon challenged him for possession of that trophy and gallantly defeated him, as likewise also did J. Pudney and J. Levett. He also paid a visit to North America, where he defeated Indians of all tribes, full bloods and half breeds, at every distance, and also the renowned Gildersleeve; and in one memorable contest, defeated twenty one competitors of all nations *giving them the unheard-of start of one mile in twenty.* He then defeated runners of the Southern tribes, at Washington City, and having no other competitors to meet in that hemisphere, returned to the mother country, and for some considerable period rested on his well-earned laurels. Then, anxious to be doing, he threw down the gauntlet to all comers, and met and defeated most of those who had the temerity to meet him. Since then, he has met with many ups and downs, had a fine benefit at Baum's Hackney Wick, in Feb. 1860, and announced his retirement from pedestrian circles, but the advent of Deerfoot brought him out once more.

Deerfoot's appearance on the ground gave rise to a general rush as he stalked round, enveloped in his "wolf skin," to take a preliminary survey of the "track," and the crowd pressed forward with the utmost anxiety to catch a glance at his appearance and proportions. Jem Mace, the Champion of England, ranged himself among the Indian's friends, and walked round with him little Mills having put on drawers and jersey to lead Deerfoot when necessary in the race. As on all previous occasions, the Indian was stripped, merely wearing an ornamental apron, elastic silk shirt, with a band round his head, and one perpendicular eagle's feather. Jackson appeared in jersey and drawers, and the competitors having got to the scratch, excitement vented itself in loud roars and cheers, while the crowding at the place of starting was tremendous. Spectators seemed somewhat astonished at Jackson's diminutive appearance beside the stalwart, handsome Deerfoot, who held himself proudly erect. The Englishman's apparently older appearance seemed also unexpected, his premature greyness and clean bald head making him look more advanced in years than he is in reality.

On stripping, all eyes were centred upon the competitors, eager to scan their respective conditions and peculiar conformation. Deerfoot stands 5 feet 11½ inches, about thirty years of age, and of remarkable muscular development. In his walk he appears to stoop considerably, which is increased by the immense volume of the dorsal muscles, which, when in action, give him a rolling gait. The lumbar regions are equally well developed, with very light and flat quarters, merging into large and muscular thighs, the front muscles and extensors showing very prominently, his lower extremities being of a very light appearance, although the tendons show the thorough-bred qualities of speed combined with endurance, his feet following suit. His chest is vast, showing the immense resources of his lungs. The pectoral, deltoid, and biceps, show power more befitting a blacksmith than a ped. His features are characteristic of his race—the high malar bones fully developed—the square lower maxillary—the prominent nasal bones, extended nostrils, and eagle eye, combined with a thin determined lip, show him to possess all the attributes for which the children of the far West are celebrated. Little Billy Jackson appeared a dwarf beside his lengthy opponent, standing about 5 feet 2 inches, and weighing 7st 6 lb, which the contrast, in point of color, was marked in the extreme. "The Little Deer" is a pocket edition of muscular Christianity, each particular tendon and muscle standing out in bold relief—the very perfection of condition. Mr. Henry M. Feist, editor of the *Sporting Life*, the stakeholder and starter, the having deputed the well-known Harry Rose as starter, the usual "Are you ready?" was given, followed immediately by the word "Go," and at thirty-one minutes twenty seconds past four p.m. they were despatched from the scratch. The Indian at once dashing to the fore, and cutting out the running at a fine pace, going in his now well known style, lunging along with his head thrown back and nostrils expanded, as if to draw vigor from the breeze, while about a yard in his rear came little Jackson, staggering away for dear life with anything but elegant style, running flat-footed, with his usual high action, and appearing even, during the running of the first lap, to be out-paced. The ground being exactly 440 yards round, had to be traversed sixteen times to complete the distance, and at the end of the first lap Deerfoot led his lilliputian opponent by ten yards, making the pace as severe as he could; in order to cut down Jackson, who, in going round the bottom turn, and up the back stretch in the second lap, drew upon "tawny skin," and at the top turn was within a couple of yards of him. Here, however, a slight *contretemps* happened; a person who had his head leaning over the path looking at the Seneca boy, after he had passed, accidently came in contact with Billy, and knocked him out of his stride. This, of course, lost Jackson a yard or so, and "red jacket" finished the second lap (half a mile) six yards in advance (time, 2 min. 19½ sec.). In these positions they continued down the straight for the third lap, when, as they turned the corner, Deerfoot put on a spurt, and widened the gap between them by three or four more yards, but in going up the back stretch the little man closed upon his opponent, and at the finish of the third lap was at Deerfoot's quarters. During the next round, the American got a more commanding lead, and passed the referee and timekeeper four yards ahead, doing the first mile in 4 min. 52 sec., Jackson being a second and a half behind. The pace had now sobered down a little, and during the next lap Jackson was not more than three yards in the rear, which distance he regained in the next, they finishing the sixth lap (one mile and a half) together in 7 min. 30 sec. Mills now called on Deerfoot to go ahead, which, on turning the bottom corner, he did, making the pace a bit warmer, and, as could easily be seen, not at all pleasant to Jackson, who, however, like a "game 'un" as he is, manfully struggled after him, and would not be left in the rear. They thus finished the seventh lap; and during the next, the Indian could only show Jackson the way by about a yard, which distance separated them on passing the post for two miles in 10 min. 10 sec. For the next lap, Deerfoot kept up the running, evidently bent on cutting down his diminutive opponent, who, although laboring very much, followed like a shadow in the swarthy one's track, and on the completion of the ninth round, Deerfoot was only one yard and a half in advance. But the pace now began to tell on Jackson, who, during the tenth lap, lost about five yards, while the Indian, with undiminished speed and vigor, went rolling along in his ungainly style, gaining gradually but surely at each stride, and on turning his favorite corner at the bottom of the course in the eleventh lap, put on a terrific spurt and sailed away from Jackson as though he was standing still, finishing that round twenty yards ahead. Jackson evidently dead beat, with the veins of his throat and forehead swelled almost to bursting, fetching his breath in deep sobs, proved that he had done his utmost to achieve victory, but had met his master. In running the twelfth lap, Deerfoot, feeling that he had the race in hand, slackened his pace a little, but, so pumped out was Jackson, that the Indian even then increased the distance between them, finishing the twelfth lap (three miles) thirty yards ahead, in 15 min. 34 sec. Mills once more called on him to go on, which call he answered by gathering himself together, and dashing down the straight run as though he had only begun the race, leaving poor Jackson hopelessly to limp after him; the latter on turning the corner at the top end of the course was so exhausted as to be compelled to give up, leaving the Indian to finish the last three laps by himself, which he did at slightly diminished speed, doing the entire distance in 21 min. 1¾ sec. The following is the time of each man, taken at the conclusion of every lap, or quarter of a mile:—

DEERFOOT.		JACKSON.	
LAP. M S		LAP. M S	
1st..1 4	1st mile, 4 min 52 sec.	1st..1 6	1st mile, 4 min 58½ sec.
2d..1 15½		2d..1 15	
3d..1 16		3d..1 15	
4th..1 16½		4th..1 17½	
5th..1 19½	2d mile, 10 min 10 sec.	5th..1 19	2d mile, 10 min 10½ sec.
6th..1 19		6th..1 19	
7th..1 19¾		7th..1 18¾	
8th..1 20		8th..1 20	
9th..1 20		9th..1 20	
10th..1 20½	3d mile, 15 min 34 sec.	10th..1 20½	3d mile, 15 min 39¼ sec.
11th..1 20¾		11th..1 23½	
12th..1 23		12th..1 25	
13th..1 19			
14th..1 23½	4th mile, 21 min 1¾ sec.		
15th..1 20½			
16th..1 24¾			

REMARKS.

And thus the adage that "youth will be served," has been once more verified. The gallant old "Deer" did all he could, and, as the above time will prove, did it well, too; but the lunging lurching, long stride of the Indian, had the "old 'un" in hand right through the piece; in fact, him of the "bells and feather" was in front all of the four miles, and this notwithstanding that he had hurt the tendons of his right foot, and had done no work since his race at Dublin; that he is a "clipper," and a stinging one, too, there can be no doubt. The scene at the conclusion of the race was a sight, many cheering the old 'un with "bravo Old Jackson, defeated you are, old boy, but not disgraced!" but the majority of the 7000 visitors flocked and crowded around the victorious Indian, and cheered him to the very echo. The members of the band (?) burst out with their inharmonious sounds, and murdered "See the Conquering Hero comes," and he did come, with bright flashing eye, nostril extended, and proud erect mien. The Indian stalked along as though he had won a kingdom, and thus ended the great four-mile race between the young Indian and the old American Deer. Jem Mace has challenged the Seneca Boy to run ten miles, so the excitement is still "piling up."

Deerfoots' next race will be of four miles, with Jones, for £50 a side, and was to come off on October 21st. As pedestrian matters are prominent just now, we append a table of the best time made by English runners:

NAME.	DIST. M	DIST. YDS.	TIME. H	TIME. M	TIME. SEC.	PLACE.
T. Maxfield	20	0	1	58	30	Slough
W. Jackson	11	48	1	0	0	Gamick Corner.
J. Levett	10	0	0	51	45	The "Old Cope."
J. White	4	0	0	20	1¾	Brompton
J. White	2	0	0	9	20	Copenhagen, Manchester.
Siah Albison	1	0	0	4	22½	Copenhagen, Manchester.
H. A. Reed	¾	0	0	1	58	Halifax
H. A. Reed	¼	0	0	0	48	Harlington.
G. Seward	0	220	0	0	19¾	Gamnock Corner.
G. Seward	0	100	0	0	9¾	Acton Bottom

Sporting Life, Oct. 16.

TURF.

TEN BROECK AT NEWMARKET.

The Newmarket second October meeting commenced on Monday, the 14th, and concluded on Friday, the 18th. The programme appears to have been a good one, and the attendance large. Our representative Mr. Ten Broeck's stable was only entered in one or two minor events, in which it made quite a bad show. On the first day, in a handicap plate of 50 sovs, his Amy, ridden by Martin, was placed low in the list. On Tuesday, in a hand cap of 10 sovs, his horse Chiffonniere met with a like fate; and on Friday, his horse Woodford, in a sweepstakes of 10 sovs, fared even still worse. Two little "goes," in which his horses Chiffonniere and Evenhand took part in on Thursday, we here give summaries of:—

A Sweepstakes of 560 sovs each, 200 ft. for three year olds; colts 8st 10 lb; and fillies 8st 7 lb. R. M., 1m 17yds; 4 subs.

Lord Stamford's Walloon, by The Flying Dutchman, 8st 10 lb	A Edwards 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Evenhand, 8st 10 lb	G Fordham 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Evenhand. Walloon jumped off at score, had his opponent in trouble at the end of three quarters of a mile, and won in a canter by six lengths, Fordham having left off riding in the Abingdon bottom. Run in 1min 56sec.

Match 50, h ft; last half of Ab M—3 to 217yds.

Mr S. Lambert's St. Bernard, by Wanhound, 2 yrs, 7st 6 lb	A Edwards 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Chiffonniere, 3yrs, 8st 7lb	G Fordham 2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Chiffonniere. Both jockeys having waiting orders, they cantered to the top of the hill, where the young one took a slight lead, and retaining it to the end, won a good race by three quarters of a length. Run in 56sec.

The Cesarewitch Stakes were run for on Tuesday, Oct. 15, of which the following is a report:—

The Cesarewitch Stakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 200 added by the Jockey Club; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; Cesarewitch Course, 2m 2fur 28yds; 64 subs.

2..Mr W Bevill's Audrey, by Stockwell, 5 yrs, 8st 5 lb	Custance 1
25..Lord W Powlett's Paste, 8 yrs, 6st 2 lb	F Martin 2
8..Sir J Hawley's Asteroid, 3 yrs, 7st 6 lb	A Edwards 0
1..Baron Nivière's Light, 5 yrs, 8 st 7 lb	H Grimshaw 0
3..Lord Westmoreland's Schism, 5 yrs, 8st 4 lb	J Goater 0
4..Mr Parker's Gridiron, 4 yrs, 7st 13 lb	J Adams 0
5..Mr Bevill's Claire, 5 yrs, 7st 10 lb	L Snowden 0
7..Mr Whittaker's Desmond, 4 yrs, 7st 7 lb	Challoner 0
9..Mr H O'Hara's Ivanhoff, 3 yrs, 7st 5 lb	J Doyle 0
10..Mr Lincoln's Petra (h b), 5 yrs, 7st 5 lb	J Snowden 0
13..Mr Merry's Russley, 3 yrs, 7st	H Covey 0
14..Mr Saxon's Baily Edmond, 3 yrs, 7st	Midgley 0
15..Mr R H Jones' Eastern Princess, 3 yrs, 7st	Roper 0
16..Mr W G Craven's The Tattler, aged, 6st 10 lb	J Reeves 0
17..Baron Rothschild's b f by King Tom out of Giraffe, 3 yrs, 6st 9 lb	J Daley 0
18..Mr Prince's Flirtation, 3 yrs, 6st 9 lb	J Covey 0
19..Mr Hodgman's Balham, 3 yrs, 6st 8 lb	W Johnson 0
20..Mr Spencer's Squire Percy, 3 yrs, 6st 6 lb	Woodhouse 0
21..Mr Jos Osborne's Rapparee, 3 yrs, 6st 6 lb	Whiteley 0
24..Lord Glasgow's br f by Voltigeur out of Makeless, 4 yrs, 6st 2 lb	Bask 0
26..Mr R C Naylor's Calpe, 3 yrs, 6st	T French 0
29..Lord Glasgow's br c by Voltigeur, dam by Gameboy out of Physalis, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	Channell 0
29..Baron Nivière's La Vapeur, 3 yrs, 5st 10 lb (carried 5st 12lb)	H Taylor 0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Schism, 11 to 2 agst La Vapeur, 10 to 1 agst Asteroid, 12 to 1 agst Bally Edmond, 100 to 7 each against Squire Percy and Ivanhoff, 100 to 6 agst Paste, 20 to 1 agst Gridiron, 25 to 1 each agst Russley, the Giraffe filly, and the Makeless filly, 33 to 1 each agst Petra, Claire, Flirtation, and Rapparee, 45 to 1 agst Eastern Princess, 50 to 1 agst Balham, and 1,000 to 10 agst Audrey. A pretty good start was accomplished at the first attempt, and the running was immediately taken up by the Voltigeur colt, whose immediate followers comprised Gridiron, the Makeless filly, Squire Percy, The Tattler, and Paste, who headed the ruck, which, though the pace was anything but strong, soon presented a longish tail, at the rear of which figured Audrey, Asteroid, Desmond, and Light, the latter of whom acted as whipper-in. Indifferent as the pace was, the Voltigeur colt, Squire Percy, and The Tattler beat a retreat before reaching the Ditch gap, when Gridiron rushed in front and took a lead of four or five lengths, Paste going on second, the Makeless filly third, and Calpe fourth. At the commencement of the flat, Russley (who, with La Vapeur and one or two others, ran out a little at the turn,) advanced into a good place on the extreme left, and running pretty level with him after passing the Red Post, were Ivanhoff, La Vapeur, Petra, Flirtation, and Asteroid, in attendance on whom followed Schism, and Audrey on the extreme right. Claire was out of the race at the top of the hill, where Light broke down and dropped further in the rear at every stride. There was little alteration in the foregoing positions until passing the T Y C. winning post, where La Vapeur broke down, and Petra giving way (lame) with Calpe and Russley at the Bushes, the front rank became considerably reduced. Just before reaching the latter point, Adams, on receiving a hint from his master, who rode "up sides" of him, steadied Gridiron, which let up the others, but when "Jemmy" attempted to leave them again at the top of the hill, the brute exhibited his usual shiftiness and refusing to make an effort afterwards, he was passed by Paste and Audrey, who went on head and head for a few strides, when Asteroid came up between them, and got his head first. These three were followed down the hill, by the Makeless filly, Ivanhoff, Gridiron, Schism, Flirtation, Russley and Bally Edmond, who were "spread" from one side of the course to the other; but all the latter lot were beaten in the Abingdon bottom, where the race was left to the three placed. Rising the hill Audrey headed the two young ones, and going on—full of running—won very easily by a length, Paste, who hung towards Asteroid at the finish, and had to be whipped across the neck to keep her straight, beating Sir Joseph's horse for second money by a neck. The Makeless filly was fourth at the foot of the hill, but running sluggish at last, was passed by Ivanhoff, Wm. Day's two, and Flirtation, Ivanhoff finishing fourth, two lengths behind Asteroid, at least four lengths in advance of Schism and Gridiron, who passed the post so close together that we cannot undertake to say which was fifth. Flirtation (mistaken by many for The Tattler, from the similarity of their colors,) was seventh, clear of them all, and the Makeless filly eighth, some distance before Russley and Bally Edmond, who headed the ruck, which was widely scattered; the last lot being the Giraffe filly, (who ricked her back during the race), the Voltigeur colt, Claire (who pulled up lame), Balham, Eastern Princess, and Light, the latter of whom walked in. Nett value of the stakes £1,315. Run in 4min. 4sec.

Winners of the Cesarewitch.

Year.	Winner.	Subs.	Start.	Weight. st.	Weight. lb.	Value. sovs.	Time. m	Time. s
1839	Cruiskeen	26	10	6	6	725		
1840	Carion	33	19	8	4	910		
1841	Ilona	50	27	6	11	1245		
1842	Arcanus	31	18	5	4	870		
1843	Cocuana	42	25	7	11	1120		
1844	Faugh a Ballagh	46	26	8	0	1175		
1845	The Baron	50	27	7	9	1245		
1846	Wit's End	45	31	6	2	1210	4	6
1847	Cawrouch	68	30	7	0	1795	4	2
1848	The Cur	64	32	8	3	1455	4	1
1849	Legerdemain	66	31	5	7	1540	4	1
1850	Glauca	59	23	7	7	1340	3	59
1851	Mrs Taft	73	26	6	0	1580	4	6
1852	Weathergage	62	23	6	11	1385	4	7
1853	Haco	77	31	5	12	1690		
1854	Muscovite	54	21	8	3	1245	4	15
1855	Mr Sykes	73	34	*6	8	1660	3	55
1856	Vengeance	57	26	7	7	1340	4	14
1857	Prioress	71	34	6	9	1550	4	9†
1858	Rocket	75	35	6	4	1600	3	56
1859	Artless	93	35	5	2	1870	3	58‡
1860	Dulcibella	54	27	6	11	1235	4	1
1861	Audrey	64	23	8	5	1315	4	4

* Including 3 lb extra. † Deciding heat, 4min 15sec. ‡ Deciding heat, 4min 2sec.

AQUATICS.

GREAT SCULLING MATCH ON THE TYNE,

BETWEEN

ROBERT COOPER AND GEORGE STRONG.

Monday, Oct. 14th, was the day appointed, by the articles, for the scullers' race on the Tyne, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Bridge, to take place for £50 a side, between Robert Cooper, of Redheugh, and George Strong, of Elswick, the latter receiving two boats' lengths start. The interest manifested in the race from the very commencement was very great, and the result was looked forward to with great interest, a large amount of the circulating medium from time to time being invested on the match. Cooper is a fine young fellow of twenty six years of age, standing 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and 10st in weight. He has rowed in several regattas with varied success; his principal matches being

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE MODEL BALL PLAYER

BY AN HUMBLE SCULPTOR.

We have read of Model Husbands, Model Wives, and Model Babies and also have read of—but never seen—Model Artistes, but a Model Cricket or Base Ball player is somewhat of a novelty, and in these days wherein the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," begins to surfeit us by the never ending and monotonous descriptions of its attendant occurrences, we think that a slight detour from the ragged war path, for the purpose of indulging in a view of the green velvet turf of the cricket field, and having some converse on its interesting accompaniments, will be a desirable relief to the minds of those who have been dwelling long on the prospect of the real or imaginary fields of "grim visaged war." We have therefore prepared a description of what, in our estimation, we consider model cricket and base ball players, and should any of the enthusiastic admirers of these two manly and invigorating pastimes, in reading our description, think that we fall short of perfection in our estimate of the requisite qualifications, we simply beg them to remember, that, in presenting our model as an example to be followed, we have not been so unreasonable as to hold up to view a personage, whose many excellencies it would be impossible to find personified in any one individual. Our Model Cricketer, or Base Ball player, it must be confessed, is a personage not often seen on our ball grounds, but he nevertheless exists, and trusting that his admirable example will find many followers, we shall endeavor, as briefly as possible, to illustrate his peculiar qualifications, our purpose in so doing, being the improvement of the material now composing the Cricket and Base Ball community of this or any other country.

In the first place, the individual moral attributes of each are alike and therefore one description, in this respect, will answer for both. The principal rule of action of our model player is, to comport himself like a gentleman on all occasions, and in so doing he especially abstains from indulging in profanity and obscenity, leaving these vices to be cultivated by the graduates of our Penetentiaries, with whom both are marked characteristics. He always has his temper under control, and takes matters good humoredly, or, when angered, keeps silent. He never censures errors in play made either by a brother member or an opponent, as he is well aware that such censure would not only lead to no improvement in the play of the individual committing the error, but would considerably add to the chagrin he would naturally feel in playing so badly. He never, under any circumstances, disputes the decision of an umpire, for, knowing the peculiar position that official is placed in, he is careful never to wound his feelings by implying either that his judgement is weak, his partiality apparent, or his integrity of character doubtful; one or other of these imputations always being made when the decision of an umpire is disputed. Moreover, our model player is never guilty of disputing an umpire's decision even by his mere actions, which, in many instances, are just as expressive as words; but, when the decision is rendered, he retires perfectly contented, and silently acquiesces in the decision, whatever it may be.

He never takes ungenerous advantage of his adversaries, but acts towards them, in every respect, as he would have them act towards him. Regarding his favorite game as a healthful exercise and manly and exciting recreation, he plays it alone for the pleasure it affords him, and if victory crowns his efforts in a match, well and good; but should defeat ensue, he is equally ready to applaud the success attained by his opponents, thereby robbing defeat of half its sting, and greatly adding to the pleasure the contest affords both himself and his adversaries. He never allows himself to be pecuniarily interested in the result of a match in which he is engaged as a player, for well knowing the injurious tendency of such a course of action, he values the welfare of the game too much to indulge in a habit that seriously effects its best interests. He is ever prompt in his engagements, and punctually on the ground at the time appointed, readily obeys the commands of the presiding officer of the day, plays the game to the best of his ability, and retires from the field apparently content with the result, whatever it may be. As long as any rule of the game is in force, he abides by it, and if it does not meet his approval, he awaits the proper time to have it erased from the statute book, but he never ignores its existence while it remains a rule.

As the physical qualifications requisite in each game, though in a great measure similar, are in some respects necessarily different, we shall commence by enumerating those required by a model cricketer. In the first place he should of course excel in a practical knowledge of the three departments of the game, batting, bowling and fielding. In batting he should be able to hit a ball well to "leg," "cut" sharply to "point" or "slip," and "drive" to "long field," either on the "on" or "off" side, with equal facility; in addition to which, he should possess a safe defence, playing equally well back as forward, stopping a "baller," within a few inches of his stumps, or reaching forward and smothering a dangerous length ball at the pitch, not forgetting to be constantly on his guard for that chance off spring of all bowling a—shooter. He should also be able to judge runs with such accuracy as to enable him to take advantage of every error in fielding his opponents may make; if at the bowlers wicket, he should take at least ten feet of ground in front of his wicket after the ball has left the bowler's hands, and if batting, should watch his partner's movements and not the ball, in both cases never over-running his wicket, but being constantly on the qui vive for a return run. In bowling, with round arm delivery, he has the capacity either of sending in a medium paced but fine length, twisting ball, or, when occasion requires, he can bowl "slows" with great judgement and effect. When necessary he can bowl a very swift ball, but he only resorts to speed on occasions when a change in the speed is required to deceive the batsman's eye, and then he does it with the same apparent delivery. When acting as bowler, he never makes unnecessary appeals to the umpire, as such a course does not accord with his idea of fair play. In fielding, he possesses the ability to throw a ball, with accurate aim, either a dozen or a hundred yards, or to catch one either within an inch of the ground or eight feet from it. He is fearless in stopping both swiftly batted as well as bowled balls, being equally effective, in this respect, at "point" as in long stopping. He can run swiftly an s suddenly, and can pick up a ground ball while running. He is also capable of acting as wicket-keeper in a very creditable manner when occasion requires. He is also sufficiently acquainted with the "points" and the managerial duties of the game as to enable him competently to act as Captain of an Eleven in a match; and his knowledge of the laws of the game is sufficient also to admit of his acting in the capacity of Umpire on occasions when his services as a player are not required. The physical qualifications of our model base ball player are as follows: To be able to bat a fast or slow pitched ball, and to hit it near the ground or above his shoulder with equal facility; and to command his bat so as to hit the ball either to the right, left, or centre field, on the ground, or in the air, as he thinks best. To run swiftly and stop suddenly while making his bases, and to be able to run from home to home-base without being distressed. To catch the ball either on the "fly" or bound, within an inch of the ground, or nearly eight feet from it, with either the right or left hand or both. To be perfectly fearless in stopping swiftly batted or thrown balls, and to be able to throw a ball, with accurate aim, a dozen or a hundred yards. To pick up and throw in well, a ground ball, with one movement, and while on the run. To be competent to occupy a position on either of the bases, the in field, or outer field, or to act as catcher or pitcher, as occasion may require. He should also be so familiar with every rule of the game as to be competent to discharge the duties of Umpire when not engaged as a player; good Umpires being always in demand in the ball-playing community. He is never guilty of the contemptible practice of waiting at the bat and refusing good balls, under various special pleas, for the purpose of allowing a fellow player to work his way round from the first to the home base, a style of playing he leaves for those whose general conduct as players is on a par with their standing in the community. In short, the conduct of our model player, whether he be a cricketer or a base ball player, is as much marked by a courtesy of demeanor, liberality of action, and thorough good nature, as it is by a practical and theoretical knowledge of the manly game he is so partial to and proud of; and his highest aim is, to characterize every contest in which he is engaged, with conduct that will make it as much a trial as to which party excels in what may be called the moral attributes of the game, as it is one that decides any question of physical superiority.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB.—Under the above appropriate title, a new club, with a high prospect of success, we are glad to say, has been started among the leading German players of this city. The officers at present are:—President, Mr. Borsch; Vice President, Mr. Spindler; Secretary, F. Eugene Brenzinger; Treasurer, Mr. Fehrer. Among the leading names we greet those of Messrs. Droege, Chamler, Mathesius, Hollerbach and Foesing. Our readers, too, will recognize many of these names; and both they and ourselves join in the wish that we may hear often of the contests in the Paulsen, and of the stratagems concocted by its members. The evenings of meeting are Sunday, Thursday and Friday, at No 82 Forsyth street.

ENIGMA NO. 300.
From Bell's Life in London.
BY VON MICHSTADT.

White mates in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 301
From the Manchester Express.
BY GEO. M. CHENEY.

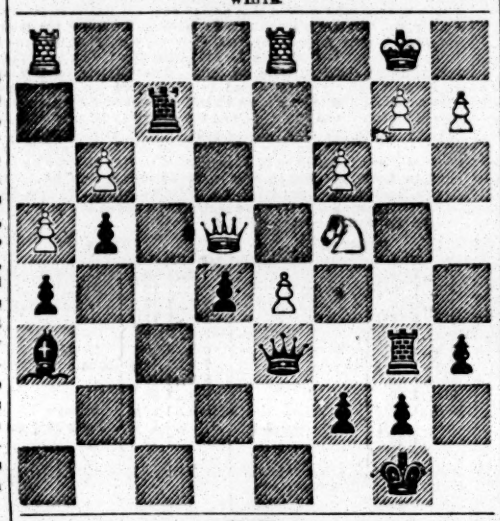
Black mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 301.

END GAME.—DEDICATED TO HIS STUDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black forces the game at once—How?

Black had worked the position to its present shape as follows:—

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..B to K R 3+	K to Q B 2	3..Q to her 3	Kt to Q B 4, and
2..R-K B 7+	K-Kt sq	White resigned, *next move.*	

GAME No 301.

LEONARD'S SECOND BLINDFOLD FEAT.

FRIDAY evening, 25th ult., according to previous appointment, witnessed a large and enthusiastic collection of Chess amateurs, at the Morphy Chess Rooms, to watch the second public exhibition of "blindfold" chess playing, by New York's youthful champion. Thanks to the teachings of experience, and the hearty co-operation of Messrs Klatzl and Bryant, with the Umpire, the arrangements were every way superior to those on the previous occasion, the comfort and enjoyment of all concerned being complete. The space occupied by the contestants was "roped in," and outsiders could scarcely have interfered with the games had they wished. The Chess Editor of the CLIPPER was again Umpire; and, after a few moves, Mr. F. Eugene Brenzinger efficiently filled the onerous position of scorer. The different parties were, nearly every one, highly interesting. They were as follows:—

BOARD NO. ONE.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, H Chadwick.	Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Deferce, H Chadwick.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q B × B	Kt P × B
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	13..B P × P	Q × K 2d P
3..P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 5	14..K R × P	K R × R
4..Q P × P	Q B × Kt	15..B × K R+	K-his B sq
5..Q × Q B	Q P × P	16..Q-her Kt 7	K × K B
6..K B-B 4	Q-K B 3	17..Q × Q R	K Kt-B 3
7..Q-her Kt 3	P-Q Kt 3	18..Q-Kt 7	Q-her 5+
8..Castles	K B-Q 3	19..K-his R sq	K-Kt 3
9..Q K-B 3	K Kt-K 2	20..Q-her 8 8	Q-her 2
10..Q B-K 3	Castles	21..Q × Q	Q Kt × Q
11..P-K B 4	B-Q B 4	22..Kt-Q 5,	and the Defence

abandoned the game—though with more time at command he would have tried a few more moves. "He has played it beautifully!" was his exclamation in generous tribute of admiration for the unseeing player's neat victory.

BOARD NO. TWO.

MR. MARK.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

A beautifully and brilliantly played opening, until Mr L. made a miscalculation, which he pointed out immediately after, and lost.

BOARD NO. THREE.

CENTRE GAMBIT.—SCHOTTISCHED.

Leonard.	E W Bryant.	Leonard.	E. W. Bryant.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Kt × Q B	B P × Kt
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..Q-K R 5+	K-his B sq
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	15..K R × P	Kt-K B 3
4..K B-B 4	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q-K B 3	Q × Q P
5..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	17..Q B-R 6	Q × B P+
6..Castles	P-Q 4	18..Q × Q	K B × Q+
7..K P × P	K Kt × P	19 K × K B	Kt-his 5+
8 B P × P	K B-Kt 3	20..K-Kt 3	Kt × Q B
9..K Kt-his 5	Q 8-B 4	21..Q R-B sq+	Kt-B 4+
10..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 2	22..K × Q Kt+	K-Kt sq
11 Q Kt × Kt	Q Kt × Kt	23..B-K 8	checkmate.
12..K R-K sq+	Q B-K 3	Time—3 hours 25 minutes.	

A beautiful game. As we said of one in the previous match, this contest is worth and worthy the whole effort. The finest *partie* of the fifteen.

BOARD NO FOUR.

LIEUT ARGAR.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

With a brilliant attack Mr. Leonard virtually won this game within fifteen moves.

BOARD NO. FIVE.

KING'S KNIGHT'S DEFENCE.

Leonard.	C A Gilberg.	Leonard.	C A Gilberg.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q B × Kt	Q × Q 8
2..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	13..Kt-K 6 5	Q K K sq
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..P-Q B 4	P-Q R 4
4..Q Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	15..Q R-Q sq	K-his B sq
5..Castles	Castles	16 P-Q 4	K P × P
6..P-Q 3	P-K R 3	17..B P × P	K B-Kt 3
7 Q Kt-K 2	P-Q 3	18..K B-K sq	P-K Kt 3
8 K-K Kt 3	Q B-Kt 5	19..P-K B 4	Q-K B 3
9..P Q B 3	K Kt-K 2	20..K't × R P	Q × Q
10..P-K R 3	Q B × Kt	21 Kt P × Q	K-Kt 2
11 Q × Q B	K Kt-his 4	22..K't-Kt 4	K't × Q P,

and by mutual agreement the *partie* was declared drawn. When an amateur present expressed his astonishment at the accuracy with which the unseeing player threaded this labyrinthine maze of pieces and pawns, and averred that he trembled on every recurrence of No 5 lest it should prove unmanageable, Mr. Leonard assured us that, if there was any difference, this game was the clearest of all to his mental vision.

BOARD NO. SIX.

MR. BRUCHER.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

A close and determined struggle. At the 16th move Mr Leonard sacrificed a piece to break through his opponent's lines, but lost in 8 moves more.

BOARD NO. SEVEN.

MR. SWITZER.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

Against a defence somewhat below Mr. Switzer's usual style, Mr. Leonard played an admirably correct attack, and Mr. Switzer resigned at the 22d move.

BOARD NO. EIGHT.

JOS. LEONARD.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

The most compact game we ever saw Mr. Jos. Leonard play. He kept it up to about 20 moves when he made a slip the penalty of which was no less than an immediate checkmate.

CHALLENGE.—Biddeford, Maine, Oct. 28, 1861—Editor CLIPPER:—I will play any gentleman or lady (Morphy excepted) three games of chess, the moves to be made by mail, and also sent to the CLIPPER for publication; game to be best two in three, and to move first alternately—I to have the white men and the first move in first game. The stakes to be any American publication on chess the winner may choose. Respectfully,

GEORGE BARDWELL, Lock Box, 81.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game in *full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MACK, Newark, N. J.—Position will appear. Not difficult, but practical. Shall be happy to hear from you again. Send us any good games that have been contested "over the board." If meritorious, they shall appear.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—Another this week.

J. D. ELWANGER, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Very fair for a first attempt. Keep on, and let us hear from you again. Position shall appear.

BLYTHE, Middleport, N. J.—O. K. Inserted.

ACCEPTANCE.—B ythe moves as seen in your game this week, and states that he awaits your reply patiently (?)

E. B. D., Philadelphia.—It will do. Try again—your style suits us.

YENDIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Keep on. The position (published this week), is a good one.

EXPRESS, N. Y.—Yes, it is neat!

LUMINARY OF THE WEST, Buffalo, N. Y.—The solution of the End Game (No. 26, Vol. IX.,) by Express this week. Fine, eh?

J. W. SWANK, Mauch Chunk Pa.—Glad to hear that you like the Elements of Draughts. We think just so too. It is worth the money. Thanks for Position.

N. C. ROGERS, North Weymouth, Mass.—Letter received, and Elements of Draughts forwarded.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER: I give in on the draw of Game 26, Vol. IX, but I am indebted to Mr A. H. Mercer for the move that does it, a move overlooked by Mr. Luminary and myself. Please publish the solution.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
22..	*	20	16	26.. 7	11	15	10
23..21	5	16	11	27.. 6	24	13	6
24.. 5	9	11	4	28.. 1	10	8	6 (a)
25.. 2	7	4	8	Drawn.			

(a) Aint that a beautiful ending?

Yours, &c, EXPRESS.

GAME No. 28.—VOL. IX.

From Drummond's Treatise.

THE CROSS.

White.		Black.		Black.		White.	
1..21 to 18		10 to 15		14..32 to 23		12 to 16	
2..25	22	7	10	15..28	24	10	15
3..23	19	3	7	16..24	20	15	19
4..26	23	9	14	17..31	26	19	24
5..18	9	6	14	18..23	19	16	23
6..22	17*	11	16	19..26	19	24	27
7..29	25	7	11	20..19	16	27	31
8..17	13	16	20	21..11	7	2	11
9..25	22	11	16	22..16	7	31	27
10..21	17	14	21	23..22	17	6	9
11..23	18	16	23	24..13	6	1	10
12..18	11	8	15	25.. 7	3, Drawn.		
13..27	11	20	27				

* Anderson's 54th Game improved by Drummond.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 29.—VOL. IX.

Reserved till next week *

* Please read Black to move and win.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 49th POSITION.

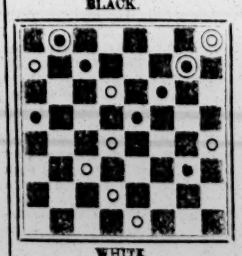
White.		Black.	
1..11	8	3	19
2..15	22, Black resigns.		

POSITION No. 30.—VOL. IX.

BY YENDIS. THE 49th POSITION OF STURGES

Dedicated to Miss A. Jennie S. of Brooklyn.

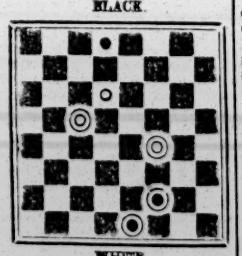
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
10..11	20	26	23
11.. 8	11	23	19

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
9..12	19	20	16
10..11	27	18	11
11.. 7	16	31	15

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY REMO.

GAME No. 6.

PLAYED BY H. HOLT AND MARTIN.

IRREGULAR.

Black Harry Holt.		White. Martin.		Black. Harry Holt.		White. Martin.	
1..11	15	22	17	7.. 9	14	18	9
2.. 9	18	25	22 a)	8.. 5	14	27	23 d)
3.. 8	11	23	19(b)	9 15	18	22	15
4.. 4	8(c)	30	25	10..11	27	32	23
5.. 6	9	26	23	11..13	22	25	9
6.. 1	6	23	18	12.. 6	13	23	18 (e)

Drawn.

(a) 17 to 14 better.
(b) 23 to 19 loses; 23 to 18 draws.
(c) 5 to 9 wins—Hay
(d) This move brings the game into a well known variation of the O o 14 h
(e) Here Black claimed a win, but Hay shows 23 to 18 drawn.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

MRS SIDDONS

Was the eldest daughter of Roger Kemble; born July 16th, 1755, at a public house, called the Shoulder of Mutton, at Brecknock, in Wales. Her father was manager of a strolling company of comedians; her mother was the daughter of Mr. John Wood, in his line, an actor of repute. Her father was a Catholic, but Mrs Siddons was brought up in the faith of her mother. When the attachment of Mr. Siddons', her future husband was discovered, her parents endeavored to break it off and she was placed as a companion or servant with a Mrs. Greathead, near Warwick; she was now in her 13th year, but before she had completed her 18th year, her father gave her hand to Mr. Siddons. Mr and Mrs Siddons joined a company then performing at Cheltenham. In a short time a recommendation to Garrick took place. He saw and admired her, and December 29th, 1775, when she was 20 years of age, Mrs Siddons made her first appearance in London, at Drury Lane, in the character of *Portia*, and was received with great applause. Her first appearance in tragedy was made in the part of Lady Anne, when Garrick revived Richard the Third.

On the Fifth of June, she played before their majesties, as Lady Anne, but made no impression whatever.

Garrick soon after left the stage; she was dismissed, and retired from a scene that presented little but mortification. She was, however, immediately engaged by Mr Richard Yates, the manager of the Birmingham company. Soon afterwards was engaged at Bath. Played in the interval chiefly at Bath, but she also played at York and Manchester, and at the latter place performed Hamlet with great applause. It was in 1782-3, seven years after her first appearance at Drury Lane, that she was re-engaged at that theatre, and came out in the character of Isabella, on the 10th of October.

Her salary was at that time £10 a week, but she was allowed two benefits. Her brother, John Kemble, became in 1787 stage manager of Drury Lane, which contributed much to his sister's happiness. In 1792 Mrs Siddons played the Jealous Wife with success, and in 1794 opened the then new theatre of Drury Lane with her Lady Macbeth.

Her husband died in 1802, and her eldest daughter in 1803, which events gave an hitherto prosperous life, prosperous beyond the ordinary list of mortals, the first distaste, and she began, for the first time probably since she first knew the enchanting breath of popular approbation, to wish for retirement.

In 1808 she accepted an engagement at the new house at £50 per night, which she opened, and performed her part of Lady Macbeth in dumb show in the midst of the O. P. riot. Mrs Siddons took leave of the profession on the 29th of June, 1812, her last performance was that of Lady Macbeth. In 1813 she performed the same character, for the benefit of her brother Charles, and in 1816 the character of Queen Catherine, for the same object. On the 8th of June in that year she performed Lady Macbeth, to gratify the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Prince of Saxe Coburg, which was her last appearance on the stage. She lived in retirement in Upper Baker street, and continued in good health and capable of taking air till within a few days of her death.

She died on Wednesday morning June 8th, 1831. Her grave bears the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Sarah Siddons, who departed this life June 8 1831, in her 76th year. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Mrs Siddons was gifted with a noble and commanding person, a most beautiful but energetic countenance—a voice powerful and melodious, and with all the charms both of mind and body that are calculated to make an impression on mankind. She was a very queen. Her great natural talents were perfected by diligent study and she not only comprehended—she knew all the parts she undertook. Her action was noble and impressive; and her character, unsullied by any vice, gave a dignity to her profession, such as never before belonged to it in England.

JOSHUA S. SILSBEE

BORN in Litchfield, Conn., January 4th, 1815. In process of time he (as all of Yankee stock do) travelled West to seek his "fortun," and, after a variety of adventures, "tied up" at Natchez, Miss. Here he took it into his "all fired" head to "spread himself" on the stage, believing that he would ultimately eclipse the reputation of Booth, Cooke, Kemble, *et id genus omne* beat "all natur," and become what every young actor believes he will, *the* American tragedian. He commenced at the bottom of the ladder, as the saying goes, determining to work his way up to glory, and a "peck full of rocks." His *debut* took place in the winter of 1837, under the management of the eccentric C. B. Parsons, now a very eminent and pious divine, but at that time the manager of a theatrical company. With what success he met we are not informed but it could not have been very brilliant, since he was engaged for "general utility"—that is, to play anything and everything which nobody else could play, from entering at the prompter's side and exclaiming, "My Lord, the carriage waits," to doing the fourth rate villain, with well blackened face, and a profusion of dark ringlets.

At this "all fired" space of time, Josh came near playing a more tragic part than was counted on in his highest aspirations. He was cast for Davila, in "Pizarro." In this it is his business at one time to stab Orazembo, and thus give the latter an opportunity to make a very moral and edifying speech. In his flurry and confusion—for the part was new to him, and he felt its importance—his knife slipped, and he stabbed Jimmy Thorne, who played Orazembo, directly in the back. The wound inflicted was not very serious, but it frightened both parties. Silsbee forgot the exact language of his part, and, instead of exclaiming, "Death and vengeance seize the whole Peruvian race!" shrieked out, "Death and vengeance seize the whole human race!" The audience went off into a broad guffaw.

From Natchez, Silsbee went to Cincinnati, where he was engaged for fops and juvenile business. From thence he "scattered" himself throughout the West.

"In Cincinnati a "complimentary benefit" was given to John M. Scott, in 1840, and Silsbee, to add to the attraction of the evening, volunteered to tell a Yankee story, and he made a tremendous hit. His racy style, natural expression, and ludicrously faithful versatility, took the house by surprise, and he was greeted with peal after peal of laughter and applause. On the following day he commenced an engagement, appearing as Deuteronomy Dutiful, in "The Wool Dealer," and after playing it out, he purchased two or three Yankee pieces, went to Philadelphia in 1841, opened at the "Walnut" as Jonathan Ploughboy, in "The Forest Rose." This led to his first regular star engagement, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

The next season he opened at the National under the management of Peaby. The death of both Hill and Marble, the only two who devoted themselves solely to Yankee characters, left Silsbee without a rival. Great as those gentlemen unquestionably were, the style of Silsbee was so different and so peculiar as to form a new school. Every look, gesture and motion—even the very arch twinkle of his eye—impressed the spectator with ludicrous emotions.

In 1851 he went to England, and made his first appearance on the London stage September 23, at the Adelphi theatre, as Jonathan Ploughboy; he travelled all over England as a "Star," appearing in his celebrated Yankee characters; made his last appearance in Philadelphia, February 3d, 1855, at the Chestnut street Theatre, but soon after went to San Francisco, where he died December 23d, 1855.

He married Mrs. Trowbridge, now Mrs. William B. Chapman.

MRS. CATHARINE A. SINCLAIR.

BORN in England,—daughter of John Sinclair, the celebrated vocalist. In 1837, when Mr. Forrest was playing in England, he became acquainted with and married this lady. On his return to America she accompanied him, and they lived very happily together until May, 1849, when they separated. In 1852 she made application for a divorce, and received it, and was allowed $3000 alimony every year, to be paid by Mr. Forrest.

At the solicitation of many friends, she finally adopted the stage as a profession, and made her *debut* at Wallack's Theatre, New York (then known as Brougham's Lyceum), on Monday evening, February 2d, 1852, as Lady Teazle.

Her *debut* was an event of general interest. The legal decision had produced much excitement in the public mind. A riot was anticipated on the appearance of Mrs Forrest upon the stage, and it appears some persons attended with that object. The police arrangements were, however, excellent and well administered, and the affair passed off without any trouble, though the theatre was crowded and the streets in the vicinity were occupied by a dense crowd. During the day, conferences were held between the Mayor, Chief of Police, Sheriff, and General Sandford, Commander in Chief of the militia, when proper measures were taken to keep the peace. The Mayor and Chief of Police decided to hold between four and five hundred men in reserve, so as to be available at a moment's notice. Of these, about one hundred and fifty were in the theatre. Sheriff Carnley was also on hand with a large number of deputies. Gen. Sandford issued orders for the glorious Seventh and Twelfth regiments to hold themselves in readiness, and had the occasion called for such a step, would have been at the theatre in five minutes.

The curtain rose at the appointed hour, with no very great manifestation. The persons opposed to Mrs. Forrest were chiefly in the upper tier.

Mrs Forrest's appearance was made in the second act. She was greeted with repeated cheers and prolonged clapping. A few persons in the gallery seemed inclined to make trouble, but they were promptly ousted. She was greatly agitated, and for some time did not fully recover her voice. Her manner was, however, perfectly easy, and not that of a novice on the stage. Her person was commanding, and her features were well suited to dramatic effect.

At first her voice was low, and her manner constrained as might have been expected; but she soon gained confidence, and looked and spoke the character very well.

In one or two instances some noise was made by reckless characters in the parquet, but they were instantly ejected.

When the piece closed she was loudly called for, and at length passed before the curtain, receiving the heartiest cheers which had been given to any *artiste* for many a day. Her ovation was complete.

When she finally left the stage, Mr. Brougham was called for. He came forward, and, as he appeared, some persons in the upper part of the house began to groan and to cheer for Mr Forrest. Mr Brougham stood for five minutes before he could be heard, while cheers were given in the gallery for Mr. Forrest, in the boxes and parquet for Mrs Forrest, mingled with various side notes.

The audience was of course mostly of the sterner sex, probably not more than a hundred ladies being present. Of these disposed to raise a row there might have been two hundred, just about as many as there were special and regular officers present. The

greater portion of the audience was composed of gentlemen of character and standing, seldom seen in any theatre.

She played two weeks and her share of the receipts was $4000. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, March 22, 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Lady Teazle. On coming upon the stage she was received with a tremendous demonstration of applause, accompanied by a few hisses. The latter, however, were speedily overwhelmed She performed her part with ease and facility.

June 16th 1852, Mrs Sinclair sailed for England; and September 1852, returned to Boston, Mass, in company with her sister. She paid a second visit to England in 1857, and made her first appearance on the London boards at the Haymarket Theatre, September 7th, as Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing." On the 10th of October she became manageress of the Melbourne Theatre, Australia and re opened it under the title of the "Royal Lyceum" with Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," supported by Mr. Henry Sedly—a "Boston Boy" In December, 1858, was manageress of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco.

She purchased an estate in Scotland for which she paid £10 000. Arrived in America from England in company with Mr Sedly, December, 1858 and appeared at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, January, 1859, supported by Mr. Sedly.

Her voice is decidedly good, sweet and clear, and in character, very much like Mrs. Kean's.

JOHN SINCLAIR.

Born in Edinburgh 1793; being fond of music from his earliest years, he received every instruction that could be procured from the best masters; when very young he went to Aberdeen and taught singing for two years Still making music his study, wishing to hear the best his own country afforded, he went on a visit to London with the intention of again returning to Aberdeen, but while there, an inclination to be in the army made him change his views. A friend's interest procured him a commission which he was on the point of accepting, when accidentally meeting some musical friends, he was solicited by them to give his services for a play which was to be performed in aid of a person in distressed circumstances, at the Haymarket Theatre The flattering reception he met with, prompted his friends to advise him to take to the stage, and he was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre for five years, after having heard him sing one song. His first appearance took place September 20 h, 1811, as Don Carlos, in "The Duenna," and in the burletta of "Midas," which was gotten up for him, he sang the favorite air of "Pray Goody," three times a night for 60 consecutive nights. At the conclusion of the engagement he went to Italy, where he became the favorite pupil of Rossini; he sang at Venice, and Florence, and as first tenor singer at all the principal theatres in Italy—he was the only Englishman who ever received the honor of having a diploma from the celebrated Philharmonic Academy in Bologne, esteemed the highest mark of honor that could be conferred. Before leaving Italy he was engaged by Mr. Kemble to return to Covent Garden Theatre for 50 nights, and appeared in "The Cabinet" in November 1824 His reception was beyond all anticipation—the Polacca he was made to repeat three times, a circumstance hitherto unheard of

Having had always a strong desire to see America, he declined re-engaging at Drury Lane, and accepted Mr Price's offer of an engagement, more to increase his fame than his fortune, which was independent.

He made his first appearance on the American stage, in September 1831, as Francis Osbaldiston, in "Rob Roy" at the Park Theatre, New York; first appeared in Philadelphia, October 17th, 1831, at the old Chestnut street Theatre, as Francis Osbaldiston.

Died at Tivoli, Margate Eng., September 22d, 1857. He had been failing for some time with the gout, but his death proceeded directly from exhaustion and age

Next week Mr. John Drew, and Jas. and Saml. Murdoch.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

Tom Cribb—His Defeat by Geo. Nicholls.

George Nicholls, a boxer who, in all probability, from the two specimens of excellence that he displayed in the Prize Ring, had he continued in the practice of pugilism, might have reached the very summit of glory—but who can now only be remembered as a meteor in the pugilistic hemisphere, whose dazzling qualities caused a momentary blaze, then disappeared, and all its brilliancy has since been lost in oblivion. However, it is pleasing to find that the temple of fame is not so completely filled with heroes, but that a small niche has been preserved to do justice to the memory of Nicholls. In proving the conqueror of such a hero as Tom Cribb, that circumstance is sufficient to exalt his character, even admitting that it was only during Cribb's novitiate; but then the latter had beaten that renowned pugilistic veteran of the old school, George Maddox; also Tom Blake, a determined boxer; and Ikey Pig, a man of considerable strength; and all of them men of notoriety in the tribe of pugilists. The success of these contests had rendered Cribb somewhat conspicuous, who was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with Nicholls, for a subscription purse of £25, at Blackwater, thirty-two miles from London, on Saturday, July 20, 1805, made up by amateurs, to compensate them for their loss of time, in being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the game Chicken and Gulley. Tom Jones seconded Nicholls, and Dick Hall was the second to Cribb. The odds upon setting-to were greatly on the side of Cribb, who was the favorite; but Nicholls was aware of Cribb's method of fighting, and fought him after the style of Big Ben in his contest with Tom Johnson. Nicholls, like a skilful general, armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feints of the enemy—the system of milling on the retreat, which Cribb had hitherto practised with so much success, in this instance failed; the coolness and good temper of Nicholls appeared so predominant throughout the fight, that not only his fortitude was preserved, but added vigor to his judgment, which rendered him, either in the attack, or in defending his position a steady and decisive fighter. Cribb became rather puzzled and perplexed from his tactics being thus foiled—the advantages that he had derived in former contests, by drawing his opponents after him, and then punishing and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to have the effect of making their distances incorrect. (consequently their blows were frequently thrown away, and generally too feeble to do any execution, from his ingenious mode of fighting,) with Nicholls was rendered unavailing. George would not suffer Cribb to play round him, whereby his operations might become confused, but, with a guard like Ben's, firm in the extreme his appearance was towering and impregnable. Nicholls was never induced to quit his position without putting in a tremendous hit, waiting with the utmost skill for the temerity of his opponent, and then giving the return with a severity almost unparalleled. George scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluded the round with a knock-down blow. Nicholls was a tremendously hard hitter; and his one, two, rendered him truly formidable. The science and ability displayed by Nicholls, in this contest, completely astonished the sporting world; many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found out that they had not procured it at a very trifling expense.

The odds were considerably in favor of Cribb at setting-to, from the gluttony he had displayed in the abovementioned battles; and Nicholls having fought but once before, with Paddington Jones, which contest was considered nothing more than a drawn battle, and who did not stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs as his opponent; though notwithstanding his character was admitted thorough-bred. The first round was well contested, and good specimens of the art were manifested upon both sides; but Nicholls, with a tremendous hit, knocked down Cribb. In the second and third the advantages might be termed reciprocal; but, in the fourth round, Cribb put in a terrible blow under Nicholls right eye, that made it twinkle again; yet it by no means disturbed his method of fighting, and he kept his temper wonderfully. The following rounds to the eighteenth were well contested, and though one of Cribb's eyes was nearly closed up, the amateurs were not fickle in their opinions, and still looked upon him as an object that might be betted on with success. In the various rounds after this period, till about the forty-second, the science and adroitness of Cribb were excellent, and his rallies most courageous and formidable. Nicholls now became the hero of the scene, and showed himself off in good style, by exhibiting gaiety and confidence, and putting in his one, two, with considerable effect. Cribb, at this period of the fight, became much distressed, and endeavored to recover his wind and strength with his usual ingenuity—fought very shy, and had recourse to shifting; but as he was dead beaten, his distances became incorrrect, and he fell several times, from endeavoring to make his blows tell: but his game was prime, and he protracted the fight while a single chance remained, and the amateurs still fancied him, and sported upon his head with firmness; but all the manœuvres of Cribb were unavailing, and, in the fifty-second round, he was compelled to utter the reluctant sound—ENOUGH!

However, let it be recollected, that Cribb lost this battle during his novitiate; at a time when he was considered little more than a bottom man, and a promising young fighter; and that even his most sanguine friends, at that period, had not a distant idea of his possessing that greatness of pugilistic talent which has since been promulgated, and so eminently placed him as the proud and enviable champion of England: but it is the opinion of the best-informed pugilists, that if Nicholls had entered the lists with the champion at a later day, the chances would have been materially against him.

LEARN TO SKATE EARLY.

The acquirement of most exercises may be obtained at an advanced period of life; but to become an expert skater, it is necessary to begin the practice of the art at a very early age. Therefore, timid mothers, you should not object to your children learning to skate for fear they should break their "precious heads and limbs." A few tumbles will help to make them keep their feet the better. Besides, a child has not so far to fall as a grown man; therefore, if they should strike the head, which, by the way, is of rare occurrence, the force of the fall is not nearly so great as if it were that of a man six feet and over in height. In Holland, children not over five or six years of age are commonly to be seen proficient in this art. It is difficult to reduce the art of skating to a system. It is principally by the imitation of a good skater that a young practitioner can form his own practice, and this fact our New York juveniles fully appreciate. "Edinburgh," says a Scottish writer, 'has produced more instances of elegant skaters than perhaps any other city or country." So much did the desire of becoming graceful skaters exist among the residents of Edinburgh, that as early, if not earlier, than the year 1780, a skating club was established in that city, which contributed much towards the improvement of those engaged in the study of this accomplishment or amusement.

SWIFTNESS IN SKATING.

In some countries, swiftness upon the ice is more desired and sought after than elegance. In Friesland, a country noted for its very rigorous winters, a regular race course is formed upon the ice, and males and females join in the skating contest. It is a very common thing for the men to be most shamefully beaten by the women in these races. In 1808, at Goldingen, two women entered on a contest in a prize skating race, and accomplished the distance of thirty miles in two hours. A speed of fifteen miles an hour has many times been recorded as having been accomplished on skates. In Canada, swift skating is thought most of in connection with the accomplishment. Blaine records an instance of an officer in the army skating from Montreal to Quebec, a distance of over one hundred and seventy miles, in one day. When we consider that ice on a river like the St. Lawrence is not quite so smooth as the Central Park pond ice, it must be acknowledged that the feat was a difficult one and required a little perseverance. Lincolnshire, in England, is noted for its fens, which in severe winters freeze over and form a splendid, wide and glassy surface to glide over. Lincolnshire men are very often swift skaters, and an instance is recorded of one man having skated a mile in two minutes and fifty-eight seconds. As two forty is not considered a bad pace for a trotting horse, surely two-fifty-eight is a good gait for a biped, even if he be on runners. That our juveniles are anxious to shine in the celerity of their motions on the ice, may be gathered from the fact that when the skating on the ponds on either side of the Fourth Avenue was in "full blast," as soon as the whistle of the locomotive was heard, a large crowd would be gathered at one end of the pond to await the arrival of "the bullgine," and as soon as it came side by side with the skaters, off they would start to beat the cars before they could arrive at the distance of the other end. Of course the boys do not yet "beat the express," but there is no knowing what the perseverance of a New York boy cannot accomplish; therefore swift as well as elegant skating may soon be one of the features of the Central Park skating pond; and as there are twenty acres of ice for the purpose, we can cheerfully say, "Go it, boys."

Soldiers on Skates.—At Drontheim, in Norway, they used to have a regiment of soldiers, called the Skate runners. They wore long gaiters, for travelling in deep snow, and green uniform. They carrried a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing staff seven feet long, with an iron spike at the end. They moved so fast in the snow that no cavalry or infantry could overtake them; and it did little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they went two or three hundred paces apart. They were very useful soldiers in following an enemy on a march. They could go over marshes, rivers, and lakes, at a great rate.

When King Charles XII was shot at Frederikshall, a skate runner carried the news four hundred miles twelve hours sooner than a mail messenger, who went at the same time. There were then seven thousand Swedes laying siege to Drontheim; when the news came, they broke up their quarters, and retreated as fast as possible. They were obliged to go over the mountains, and the snow was deep, and the weather exceedingly cold. Two hundred Skate-runners followed hard after them, and came up with them one very cold morning. But all the troops were dead, having been frozen in their tents, among the mountain snow drifts. They had burnt every morsel of wood, even the stocks of their muskets, to warm themselves.

Gymnastic Exercises.—Few will deny the benefit of gymnastic exercises. To the student and to those whose occupations are of a sedentary character, they are valuable, as tending to counteract the effect of their pursuits on the system, and as preserving the body in health and strength. But while thus salutary in their effects, few seem to practice them. In some of our educational institutions, facilities are afforded for gymnastics, but as a general rule when the novelty of the thing is over, all interest in the matter is gone Some mammas are afraid that their boys will injure themselves by indulging in it, so that little encouragement is given them to persevere. To such we would say, what Horace in one of his charming Odes addressed to Lydia, who withheld her Sybaris from manly exercises, through over-anxiety for his safety. It is of the highest importance that a taste for these exercises should be cultivated in youth, and indulged in throughout life. Every school should afford facilities for practicing gymnastics, and every inducement ought to be held out for the formation of gymnastic clubs. A healthful body conduces to a vigorous mind, and the happiest results follow when the body and mind are exercised together. To educate the mind to the detriment of the body is highly pernicious, and any system that does so, merits the greatest censure. As much enjoyment is derived from bodily health, and as a person's usefulness in society depends in a great measure upon physical ability, therefore an injustice is done both to the individual and society. In pursuing these exercises, proper regard must be paid to the abilities of the persons, as much exercise only being taken as tends to invigorate and not to weary the body. When a taste for such manly pursuits is inculcated in youth, it is sure to continue through life; hence, an early acquaintance with them is of the highest importance; thus our young men would be made strong and vigorous, and even old men would forget their weakness.

It is stated that the cost of music for the army is now at the rate of $4,000,000 a year.

ANECDOTE OF A POLAR BEAR.

While the Carcase, one of the ships in Captain Phipp's voyage of discovery to the North Pole, was locked in the ice, early one morning the man at the masthead gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course towards the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea horse, which the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea horse that remained unconsumed, and eat it voraciously. The crew of the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea horse which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laying every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it gave each a share; reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs and shot them both dead, and in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor animal in the expiring moments of her young. Though she was very sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had just fetched away, as she had done the others, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up, making at the same time the most pitiable moans. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and having crawled a few paces looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them anew, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round them, pawing them successively. Finding at last they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the destroyers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Pigeon Fanciers.—Dr. Mitchell, in a lecture on ornithology, relates the following extraordinary anecdotes in proof of the strength of the ruling passion in pigeon-fanciers. A gentleman, an admirer of pigeons, went to the house of a weaver in Spitalfields, who was a pigeon fancier, to make a purchase. On entering, he was struck with the appearance of poverty apparent in the nakedness of the children who were playing about. He was sent up to the pigeon-loft, where he found the fancier in all his glory, attending his birds with a degree of care far beyond what he appeared to bestow on his children. He showed his birds, and pointed out their various perfections, pledging "his honor" to their hereditary claims to superiority. The gentleman having selected a pair, asked the price. "Five guineas" said the fancier. "Five guineas!" exclaimed the gentleman, whose impression from the poverty he had seen made him think it impossible that the birds could be so valuable—"Would not two guineas do?" Indignation flashed from the eyes of the fancier: he seized the two birds and twisted their heads off. "There," he exclaimed, with Roman energy, accompanying the exclamation with terrible imprecations, "do you suppose that because I am a poor man I will allow myself to be trampled upon? Bess," said he to his wife, "grill these for my supper. Now do you, sir," turning to his amazed customer, "get down the ladder or I will kick you down." The gentleman found it would be vain to attempt to heal the wound he had inflicted and thought it safest to retire. A party of pigeon-fanciers met at a public house in Spitalfields, to show their pigeons. Two journeymen silk weavers had each an almond tumbler, and a contest arose as to which was the finest. The beak of each of them was scarcely more than a third of an inch in length, and the plumage was announced to be the most beautiful in the whole world, but one was decided to be a little superior to the other. The owner of the second bargained for and purchased the victor, giving for it eleven guineas, all the money he had in the world. He then took the bird and wrung off its head, exclaiming in exultation, "Now my bird is the best in the whole world."

Amusement of the Ice Hill, Exercised by the Russians.—The amusement of the Ice-hill is a species of exercise very difficult to describe. The Russians are particularly fond of the amusement, and though dangerous to the ignorant, yet to the practised, from their dexterity in descending the tremendous fall, it is both safe and delightful. A temporary stage of wood is erected, about 40 or 50 feet from the surface of the river, from the perpendicular height of which is a steep descent, like the sides of an abrupt rock; against this is laid blocks of ice, that soon become an united mass, by means of torrents of water which are thrown along them, and that harden in a few seconds. On the level, at probably 250 or 300 yards, stands a similar erection, only placed a little on one side, in order to clear the glassy road for the sledges darting from the summit of its opposite neighbor. This they mount by means of a flight of steps in its rear, and placing their sledges on the declivity, are conveyed back to the other hill by the same method they left it. Indeed, the force gained by precipitating themselves from the top is more than sufficient to carry such light sledges to a far greater distance than that which lies between each pyramid. The bearded natives gather a plentiful harvest of *kopecks* during this carnival, as a few pieces of that money is their usual charge for transporting individuals down the ice fall. The mode is as follows: a sort of sledge, without projections of any sort, but in shape and flatness like a shallow tray, is most fantastically and rudely ornamented with carving and colors, and placed on the summit of the hill. The native seats himself upon it, very far back, his legs extending in front perfectly straight, the person to be conveyed places himself, or herself, before him in a similar attitude, and both remaining steady, pass rapidly down the frozen torrent. The native behind guides their course with his hands, on the same principle as that of a vessel touching the contrary side to that which they wish to go. To such a nicety do they attain, that they steer round groups of upset persons, without the chance of their giving or receiving the slightest injury. Many go down in these sledges alone, and others on skates, both men and women, who fly forwards in a perfectly upright position. Steadiness seems the chief accomplishment in the Russian skater and the velocity of his motion the object of pleasure in the spectator.

Memory of a Bullfinch.—Sir William Parsons, when a very young man, took great delight in a piping bullfinch which he had taught to sing. When he was about to visit Italy he entrusted the favorite to a married sister, of whose humanity he was well assured; and on his return the first visit he made was to his sister, who, with all reasonable allowance for brotherly affection, strongly suspected that she was indebted to the bullfinch for his special attention. The bullfinch had been long in declining health, and was at the moment thought to be dying. Sir William, full of sorrow, opened the cage-door, put in his hand, and spoke to the bird; the bird recollected his voice, shook its feathers, staggered on to his finger, piped the favorite tune of his master, and fell dead. There is nothing, perhaps, in this story, which needs a warranty, but we have it on authority which cannot be questioned.

"Is Anybody Waiting on You?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a pretty girl from the country. "Yes sir," said the blushing girl; "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

Profitable Fishing Excursion.—Early on the morning of the 5th ult., the Light Keeper at Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, discovered a whale entering the harbor as he described it "like a steamboat." The important arrival was soon made known in town and the wharves were crowded with spectators to witness the sight of its capture. The "behemoth" was given chase to by a number of whitehall boats and one or two whale boats, who succeeded in driving it on the flats on the Oakland side, but the whale was "up to snuff" and managed to get off and made its way southward. A fleet of boats and a steamtug with a bomb-lance on board, was procured also a whale boat in charge of Lieutenant Scammon an old whaler, who started in pursuit. The whale made for the Alameda side of the Bay, and before Scammon's boat came up, had been lanced several times without effect. The Lieutenant, like a regular old line whaler, planted his shaft firmly, the tug being a short distance off, and the column of blood which arose satisfied all that his shaft had told, for the whale went down, and after rising, rolled over, a tribute to man's power. The chase was long and exciting, the whale "fluking" it, and "blowing" to the delight of all spectators The men at the oars pulled with a will; it was up and down, sometimes being under water for over eight minutes. When harpooned, the tug of war ensued that was to land the monster, which proved to be a humpback cow whale, some sixty odd feet in length, heavy with calf. All day was spent in this effort, as the carcass floated out of the Bay, and it was not secured without some hazard. The tide took the carcass outside of Fort Point, and the steam-water boat went out and secured it, carrying it around to South Beach. The monster yielded from 50 to 70 barrels of oil, and the daring whalemen will gain near $500 from their day's fishing.

Naval Expeditions Past and Present.—We may well compare our Southern naval expedition, which numbers eighty vessels and thirty thousand soldiers, exclusively of laborers, &c., with the great fleets of former times. The Spanish Armada against England numbered one hundred and thirty seven vessels, twenty thousand soldiers and eleven thousand sailors. The Spanish vessels were little more than boats. So the expedition of Charles V. to Tunis numbered five hundred Genoese and Spanish vessels, but carried only thirty thousand men. That of Peter the Great upon the Caspian Sea numbered two hundred and seventy ships, but only twenty thousand men. The expedition of Gustavus Adolphus to Germany, numbered fifteen or eighteen thousand men; Lutouf against Candia thirty thousand; that of Konperti against the same stronghold fifty thousand; that of Charles XII upon Denmark fifty thousand. Hoche, in his attempted descent upon Ireland, counted twenty-five thousand. Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt consisted of twenty-three thousand men, with thirteen ships, seventeen frigates, and four hundred transports. Abercrombie's expedition to Egypt numbered twenty thousand men; Cathcart's to Copenhagen twenty-five thousand, Wellington's to Portugal fifteen thousand, and to Spain thirty thousand. Bonaparte's contemplated expedition, in which preparations were made for throwing a hundred and fifty thousand disciplined veterans upon England, by means of three thousand pinnaces, protected by sixty ships of the line, is not entitled to be brought into comparison, inasmuch as it never was carried out. The English expedition against Washington numbered eight thousand, and against New Orleans fifteen thousand. The French expedition against Algiers thirty thousand. The United States expedition under General Scott, against Mexico, twelve thousand.

The White Headed or Bald Eagle.—Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree which commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he (the eagle) seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ scouring along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes who subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose actions instantly arrest his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down rapid as an arrow from Heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor; and levelling his neck for the flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime ariel evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

A Dog Story.—A few days since, the mother of a quartette of pups was taken very ill, so much so, as to cause great anxiety to the lad who owned her, lest the little nurslings should famish for want of their natural sustenance. The mother grew worse daily until she lost, apparently, all regard for her offspring, declining to notice or feed them. Here was an unfortunate predicament for the juvenile curs, shut off from the source of life, and unable to see their way into the world; for, be it known, according to the chroniclers of canine history, they were on the wrong side of that era, when the vision of young puppyhood is astonished with things terrestrial. The sympathy of the lad was awakened, and the "how" to feed them was a most pertinent query, and one that needed early solution, or the career of the little bantlings would be nipped in the bud. An observing youth was their owner, as the sequel shows. He had been a bottle holder, at an early period himself, and his recollections of india-rubber nipples suggested the idea of supplying the pups with a similar substitute. The significant forethought was improved, inasmuch that their meals of foreign food were soon taken as naturally as though they had never known any other. The result was a most remarkable improvement in the youngsters. The incident was not without its benefits, for the maternal 'parient," relieved from the care of her young, recovered her usual health, and was soon enabled to relieve the "bottle holder" from his self-imposed responsibility. The young curs rather reluctantly returned to first principles, feeling, doubtless, like some of the biped race, a disposition to cling to—rather than abandon—the bottle It is proper to observe that the canine family are now doing as well as "could be expected."

A Patriotic Family.—Mr. Robt. Houghtaling, of Sharon, Schoharie county, has had ten sons. Eight are now living, the youngest of whom is about nine years of age; the other seven are now serving their country as volunteers. They are all remarkably strong and healthy men. Nicholas, one of the brothers, once lifted a dead weight of fourteen hundred pounds.

"Secesh" Race Horses.—It has become quite a practice South to present commanding officers with race horses well known for their superior speed. A cotemporary thinks it looks suspicious to say the least, to see a general mounted on a very fast horse on a battle field. Perhaps a Bull Run affair is anticipated on the other side.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

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THE GREAT CARLO TROUPE,
Consisting of SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, and his three sons, the most wonderful Gymnasts and Pantomimists of the age.
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5th St., near South 4th St., Brooklyn, E. D., (Williamsburgh)
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NOTICE.—On Thursday evening, Nov. 7th, Mr. Joe Childs, the celebrated Clog Dancer will be prepared to dance any man in the country for $100
Come one—come all!
30-1t* COLLINS & LOOFBOROUGH, Managers.

☞ We have letters for Prof. Orrin, J. W. Guest, C. T. Smith, W. S. Forrest, Henry Hapgood (foreign letter), Miss Eva Brent, and Miss Julia F. Barton.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, November 4, '61.

The world of amusement has been pretty active during the past week, and managers have no cause to complain of the results. Even at this time last year, when there was no civil war to interfere with our theatres and concert halls, business was no better, as a general thing, than it is at present. The theatres all seem to be doing a paying business, while our minstrel friends and music hall proprietors are doing a very snug trade. On Saturday night, however, we had a second edition of the flood, which must have played the mischief with the treasuries of the several parks of amusement on either side of the town, and proved a bad offset to the good business of the former part of the week. This being election week, there will probably be a slight falling off, but not sufficient to reduce receipts to a non paying point. It is a matter of remark that our city should be so exceedingly lively during a war; but it is not really so surprising when the buoyant character of our people is taken into consideration. New Yorkers must have their amusements, and it is a fact worthy of notice, that in the army on the Potomac, New York soldiers have introduced many games to while away the tedium of camp life. Even private theatricals have obtained a foothold among some of our regiments, and concerts are of almost nightly occurrence. There is no city in the Union—which still includes the rebellious States—that is doing anything like New York in the way of amusements. The metropolis is the great centre of attraction for all classes of people, rogues and righteous men; pilferers and preachers; hypocrites and high-minded men; d——d scoundrels and "demured fine fellers;" cut throats and clericals; incendiaries and integrity men; imbibers of rot gut and tasters of peppermint; common councilmen and common convict men; pimps and panderers; honest merchants and cheating merchants; "poor, but respectable" folks, and folks without any claim to respectability—here they meet, in this wicked city of New York, where the wicked never cease from troubling a feller, and where the weary are never at rest. On one mighty platform they move and have their being in the Great Metropolis of America; and cheek by jowl, night after night, may all those we have named be seen in our theatres, our concert halls, and our lecture rooms; many, perhaps, perfecting their knavish plans for the morrow, or meditating on the "superiority of mind over matter." Truly, all the world's a stage, and all the people are but players.

Only to think of the never-failing resources of man for obtaining money. You know the National Theatre in Chatham street? You know, also, of the many losses incurred by "enterprising managers" in the vain attempt to make it pay during the last three or four years. Well, it is now said that the house has been taken by "well-known managers," who promise to give it a complete overhauling, "renovate" the place as it was never renovated before, and call it the "National Music Hall," with very low rates of admission, but with a very high order of entertainments. Well, there is a chance for a good, cheap concert hall on the east side of the city, and if well managed by "well-known managers," there is a very fair chance of the concern paying. Let the National managers give us a good show, and we will help them along in their enterprise.

The "Octoroon" is running very well at the Winter Garden, and will remain on the bills for some time yet.

Of the Old Bowery, Stickney's National Circus continues to hold possession. Last week, Mons. and Mad. De Lave rope walkers, were added to the company; and this week Eaton Stone, the great bare back rider, will appear, together with Dan Stone, the Clown.

The "King of the Mountains" is considered sufficiently attractive at the Winter Garden, and for the present the programme remains unchanged.

At "444," they have been ringing the changes, and some new faces are now to be seen on the boards at this popular resort. Geo. R. Eleson, the stage manager, appears as Paddy Miles' Boy all the week. Fattie Stewart, the comic singer of the west, "maketh the air vocal with sweet sounds," and Charley White continueth to do the funny. The Misses Flora, Lemaire, Walters, Eagle, and other ladies, trip the "light fantastic" and warble *a la* nightingales. Go see and hear.

At Broadway Music Hall, business has taken an upward tendency, which is likely to be improved on this week, as a new comic pantomime, said to be good, styled "The Ape of Borneo" by Signor Carlo, is announced. The troupe at this house, now includes many excellent artists in various kinds of amusement there given.

A few weeks since, in alluding to a performance at the Winter Garden, we incidentally mentioned that Mr. Walcot, Jr., while at the Richmond, Va., Theatre, gave no signs of secession proclivities, etc., but that Mr. E. Lamb, at that time also in Richmond, did show signs of a want of back bone, and went in for secession. In a letter from Mr. Lamb, published in our last, the writer denies the soft impeachment, and wants the proofs. We promised to give the facts upon which the imputation on Mr. Lamb's Union principles was founded, or make a retraction. We proceed to give the former. Last season, Mr. E. Lamb was a member of the company attached to the Richmond, Va., Theatre. This was before Virginia was declared out of the Union by the rebellious portion of the community. At that time Mr. Lamb was a great favorite with the youthful *habitues* of the Richmond Theatre, who were nearly all obstreperously *secession* in their proclivities. One of our reporters was at the same time spending a few months in Richmond, and had many opportunities for ascertaining the principles of the Richmond company. An election was held at Richmond for delegates to the State Convention, to decide whether the State should secede or not. After the election, one of the most eminent statesmen in Virginia, was desirous of seeing the full returns of the votes given in Richmond, and being a man of great influence, they were procured for him by the inspectors of the several election districts. Our reporter, who was on terms of great intimacy with the gentleman in question, had an opportunity of looking over the lists, and among the names there recorded was that of E. Lamb. Our reporter, who knew Mr. Lamb, the actor, to be a Northern man, inquired of the inspector, whether that was Mr. Lamb, the actor, and he replied that it was. Now, in that election there were three candidates of the secessionists, and three on the Union side; and Mr. Lamb's vote stood recorded *for the three secession candidates*, and *against* the Union delegates. One of the former—Mr. Randolph—and two of the latter—Messrs. Johnson and McFarland—were elected. The names of the parties referred to as our authority for this statement are at the service of Mr. Lamb if he desires them. Now, there is a bare possibility that it was another Mr. Lamb recorded on the poll-list; and that the inspector was wrong. We have given the facts as they came under the notice of our reporter while he was in Richmond. If Mr. Lamb is innocent of the charge, we shall be glad to have the opportunity to record his title clear to good, sound Union principles.

All is harmony in operatic circles, the effect, doubtless, of Mr. Ullman's successful series of benefits. So harmonious, indeed, are the heretofore conflicting elements in opera, that two of the principal members of Mr. Ullman's troupe have fallen victims to the tender allurements of Love. Signor Susini and Miss Isabella Hinckley struck a chord in unison—discovered that their two loving hearts beat as one—determined that there should be no clashing between them, and, on the 30th of October, were united in marriage, made one and indivisible, and all that sort of soft nonsense, and soon after left on a honey moon excursion for other parts, to hold sweet converse together and all that sort of thing. May their journey be in pleasant pastures, by cool and shady rills, and such stuff, and may they never get "indisposed" without sufficient cause. Farewell, Susini, we could have better spared a better man, but "ad o;" Isabella, "au revoir."

Criticism is beginning to take a front bench in the goodly city of New York. We have some high old critical cusses among us, but the most "elaborate" are those connected with the pious daily press. Oh! but they do climb forbidden heights, and lead where angels fear to tread. One of these highfalutin chaps, in noticing a piece now being played at a Broadway theatre, thus bursts out in praise of the scenery. Hear him, all ye who have ears to hear, and read him, all ye who have eyes to see, and *can* read. Says our all-fired pious and romantic friend:—The scenery discloses "Caverns where Naiads and Nereids might dream opalescent dreams of the submarine shining stalactite hung vestibules of old ocean's inner court. Idyllic delis and fountains where lilies lie in sleepy vid perspectives of foliage starred with tropic embroidery of bloom: bellefloners with fire in their petals; their leafy volutes threaded with streaks of pearl stand up and take the sunlight." Now, isn't that a specimen of high breeding? Talk about your Caude Melnottes and Paulines, and Ingomars and Parthenias, after that! The pious gentleman who "did it" has since had a "vacation in the brain," and is off on a furlough for six months, so that he may the better be enabled hereafter to "stand up and take the sunlight." What's he mean by "opalescent dreams?"

We don't have many drunken actors hereaway, now-a-days. What we "mean ter say" is, that an audience is not so frequently insulted by drunken actors and actresses upon the stage, as formerly. To be sure, there are plenty of "the people" who take their "brandy sour" with as much composure and resignation as ever, but they do not make public beasts of themselves. A man may take his "nip," and yet do it in such a genteel manner as not to "blarst" the reputation of the "well-established theatre" at which he may be engaged. Some men can carry a good deal more sail than others. Some again, become "slightly obfusticated" with the merest taste of "the peppermint." Others again, don't know how much they can bear up under, and keep swilling and swilling until they are brought up all standing against some friendly stone fence, or opportune coal bin of a Dutch groceryman. But, notwithstanding that the profession generally is fond of a tod, their anti-temperance proclivities are not brought so directly before the public as in days of yore. Still, there are a few who *do* disgrace themselves and the profession of which they claim membership, by occasionally appearing before their audiences in a "d——d drunken condition," to use the somewhat inelegant expression of a "Bowery bummer." But California seems to have relieved us of a number of these "spiritual" excrescences, and a San Francisco journal, in alluding to these parties, says, very truthfully—"We have often thought a drunken woman was about as disgusting a sight as one would wish to see. Our mind, however, has changed in regard to it; a drunken actor is infinitely worse. Imagine a beautiful little cosy theatre in a thriving city, crowded with a most respectable audience, more than one-half being ladies, young and old. Attracted by the programme offered for the evening's amusement, they have assembled for rest, amusement and instruction, and to see themselves reflected in the 'Mirror of truth, held up to nature.' As the curtain rises for the opening of the play, interest is manifested, and as it proceeds, apparent satisfaction may be noticed. But the audience is doomed to disappointment: the principal male character is in a maudlin, imbecile state of intoxication. He comes upon the stage with legs tangled up, and staggers from scene to scene. The audience is abashed, and the women, as they have a right to do, feel grossly insulted. There he stands, in the full glare of the footlights, with a most estimable woman cast in the principal female character, in the presence of that audience a beast! Is it a wonder that people cry down theatres? Is it a wonder that the theatrical profession is, in the estimation of so many, a party of strolling vagabonds, when one of its leading members stands so revealed, as we set forth? Is it not enough to place the ban of distrust upon them all? Is it an outrage upon any community to compel them to pay their money to be insulted by the drunken mouthings of an actor. We have no sympathy for such men. And why should we have? Does not their conduct prove that they are lost to all sense of self respect, and therefore are not entitled to any from us? Most assuredly it does; and we think the manager who permits such gross violations of decency, breeding and honor, as a drunken actor going upon the stage to enact a part, *not* in a drunken scene, is equally culpable with him." Just so. It is not necessary that an actor should be dead drunk to play the Dead Heart or any other character. In this city, as theatres are now conducted, drunken actors seldom insult the public by their presence on the stage. The result has been brought about, mainly, through that great medium of public opinion, the press. And now, that the same engine has been brought to bear in the Golden State, we trust that we shall hear no more of drunken actors in California.

New Yorkers have attained such success in the concert saloon business in their own city, that they are now introducing their system in other places. First, Frank Rivers, the pioneer of concert hall managers, having built up a flourishing business in New York, determined to try the Quaker City, and now he has the most extensive establishment of the kind in Philadelphia. Now, we find manager Robert Butler among the Quakers. Mr. Butler is the proprietor of two well conducted places in this city, viz: Wallack's old theatre, now called Broadway Music Hall, and the American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway. He has just secured a lease of the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, of late under the management of J. E. McDonough, and will open that house on the New York plan on the 7th inst. At any time an undertaking like this would show a degree of enterprise seldom found in one man; but to engage in such a speculation in war times gives undoubted evidence that Mr. Butler knows no such word as fail. We suppose that the two New York managers, now conducting rival halls in Philadelphia, will wage a pretty sharp and animated war, the effect of which will be to give the people a good show for a small fee. Last spring, when Wallack had determined to leave the old theatre, Frank Rivers, it is said, came on here to negotiate for it for concert purposes; Mr. Butler, however, not relishing the threatened fire in the front, succeeded in obtaining a lease himself, just at the time that Rivers thought &c, Rivers, had secured it. So now, in retaliation for Rivers' intended expedition to New York, Butler secures a hall in Philadelphia, within half a mile of Rivers' Philadelphia Melodeon, and opens the Hall this week. We shall from time to time report how the war progresses.

There is no change to note in the programme at Laura Keene's. The "Seven Sons" is the sole attraction, and the audiences continue good.

The pious hippopotamus, Barnum's scriptural animal, is "carded" as a great feature of the Museum. According to the showman's showing, this hippo "esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. His bones are as strong pieces of brass, and like bars of iron". There is a good deal more brass in Barnum than there is in the bones of his hippopotamus. Don't you think so, reader?

Prof. Love recently arrived in this city from South America. He expects to leave in a few days for Calcutta, India.

The Hooley Minstrels, now located at Stuyvesant Hall, opposite Bond street, in Broadway, are making every effort to secure the patronage of the people. The serio-comic ditty, "Barbara Allen," a reminiscence of ye olden times, is pronounced a side splitting vocalization. Charley Fox, G. W. H. Griffin, and Dave Reed, spread themselves amazingly, and everybody leaves the house on the broad grin. Reason why—they have been to see a Fox, Reed (& Co.) He's a Griffin he is. Who'll lay a trifle on it? (We claim the leather medal.)

The Odeon Music Hall, Williamsburgh, as will be seen by their advertisement in these columns, holds out "great inducements." On Thursday, the 7th inst., Joe Childs, the celebrated clog dancer, will be prepared to dance against any man in the country for $100.

At Bryants' Minstrels they have a "tall" company, and are nightly greeted with "tall" audiences. Oh! but they do make fun though, and everybody and his wife seems to know it. If you want to get "squoze," go late; if you want to get a good seat, go very early. As the M. D.s say, we give this "advice gratis."

At the Canterbury Music Hall, which has been truly denominated the Palace of Mirrors, excellent audiences continue to greet the talent now on the boards there. "The Magic Laurel," now in its fifth week, is still the card, and its various scenes and changes are ever fresh. Silas D. Baldwin, the great Indian juggler, commences to exhibit his wonderful tricks on Wednesday, the 6th inst.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Frank Rivers, the energetic manager of the Philadelphia Melodeon, produces another novelty this week in his usual style. It is an extravaganza, and entitled "Max" or "The Magic Mushroom." The "Seven Sons" is still on, and has been embellished with new scenes, etc.

It is said that the course of true love never did run smooth, and in the case of Adah Isaacs Menken, now petitioning the Illinois courts for divorce from John C. Heenan, the old adage seems to hold good. The gentle and confiding Adah loved the stalwart son of Benish as woman ne'er before had loved. She loved him too well; perhaps unwisely. She loved him for the battles he had fought, and he—well, it seems that the charms of Adah pallied upon his senses after love's fitful dream was o'er; which dream, with him, at best, was not a very long one; so he shook her. Adah insists that she was married, *de facto*, and all that kind of thing, to Benicia's lovely boy; John denies it *in toto*. Adah's love now turns to repugnance, and in a legal way she seeks to sever herself from the bonds that she thinks binds her to the gay and gallant prize fighter. Adah's petition for a divorce sets forth her many grievances at the huge paws of Benish, and asserts her ability and intention to prove that the marriage really did take place. The Boy has responded in a card to one of the daily papers, in which he seems to labor under the happy delusion that he is still leading a life of single blessedness, untrammeled by the ties that generally bind two (too) willing hearts, et cetera. He likewise denies the imputation thrown out by ye wings-me Adah, about his assisting to spend her earnings, et cetera. The thing resolves itself into a nice little question of veracity. Adah imagines she was married to Heenan. The latter supposes he is still a single man, on the loose, and at perfect liberty to cut around among the women wheresoever and whensoever it may please him best. *She* wants the matter settled one way or another, and appeals to the courts. *He* thinks it is already settled, and appeals to the newspapers. If *he* don't change his tactics, and meet the question fairly in the legal tribunals, the chances are that *he* will be proclaimed a married man in spite of himself and *she* will get a divorce from the single man of muscle. We await with calm resignation the result of this marriage question. It is a puzzler, and the Illinois gentlemen of the bar will have a jolly time in solving the problem.

Theatrical affairs in Australia, at the end of August, were flat and unprofitable. Mr. J. H. Wilton, who accompanied Sir William and Lady Don to that colony in the capacity of agent, and who had previously officiated in the same relation to Jenny Lind and G. V. Brooke, was about to return to England by the mail steamer, for the purpose of making engagements with theatrical *artistes* for the colonial stage. He took a benefit at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, on August 24. The pieces were Bourcicault's stirring drama of "Jessie Brown, or the Siege of Lucknow," and the burlesque of Aladdin. By way of interlude, Mr. Wilton appeared on the stage, accompanied by Mr. Fawcett, and a dialogue of small talk, amusing enough in its way, was carried on between these gentlemen, the main subject being the mission of the former to England. The announcement by him that *artistes* of such eminence as Madame Celeste and Messrs. C. Mathews and Robson, would probably be induced to visit Australia, was loudly applauded, and the mention of Mr. G. V. Brooke as likely to return, was received with special enthusiasm. The brief engagement of the Marsh troupe at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, terminated on Saturday evening, Aug. 24, on which occasion "The Brigand" and "The Toodles" constituted the dramatic part of the entertainments. The theatre was very poorly attended.

J. W. Whiston, the humorist, closed his engagement at H. M. Theatre, Ottawa, C. W., on the 25th ult. On the 28th and 29th, he was at Prescott, on the 31st at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., from whence he intended to visit Brockville, Kingston, Coburg, Hamilton, London and other places in Canada.

The Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels exert themselves to their utmost to cater in an acceptable manner for the amusement of the Boston public, and are rewarded therefor by the most flattering patronage. This week they have two new pieces in the musical line, entitled "The McClellan Gallop," and "Voyage Musicale, or the Seasons," which are expected to take. Their treasurer expects to take a "fat take" also.

Craven's Minstrels, styled "The Leviathan Troupe," leave Chicago this week on an Eastern trip. Rumor credits them as being a good company.

W. B. Macauley is playing the leading characters at the Louisville (Ky.) Theatre.

E. J. Stetson, supported by a good company, is doing the leading business at the Atheneum, Belleville, C. W., where F. L. Kellar took a benefit on the 1st inst.

Mr. Joseph Proctor made his last appearance and took a benefit at Providence, R. I., on the 1st inst. From thence he went to Philadelphia, to open at the Walnut on the 4th inst.

J. C. Myers has rented the theatre at Providence, R. I., for one year. S. W. Glenn commences an engagement there on the 4th inst., in "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Persecuted Dutchman."

Edwin Forest will probably succeed Herrmann at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, where he will shortly commence a series of performances, to occupy eight weeks.

Herrmann, the Prestidigitateur, opened at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 30th ult., to a full house. His success in Philadelphia, however, is not so great as that he met with in New York. The latter part of the week the house was not full, but nearly so; the cheaper places being a little "barren." The critics are somewhat divided in their opinions concerning his merits; but all concede that he is far superior to Anderson, while some maintain that he is, in some of his tricks, inferior to M'Allister and others. The second-sight business with the younger Herrmann, was not completely successful in New York. Madame Herrmann made several errors in the same business. Herrmann's opening in the Quaker City was not worked up so well as it might have been. In New York his agent lost no opportunity to bring the name and fame of Herrmann before the public, and by the time announced for his opening in that city, the people were almost wild to behold the great Prestidigitateur. We believe he remains at the Philadelphia Academy four weeks in all.

Frank Rivers is to have a conundrum contest at his Melodeon, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst. He is to give a silver goblet for the best conundrum, and a tin goblet for the worst.

"La Circassienne," did not meet with much favor at the Walnut, Philadelphia, last week. This week Mr. Joseph Proctor is the star. His engagement commences this evening, November 4. As an offset, Mr. E. L. Davenport, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., will commence an engagement at the same time, at Wheatley's Continental.....At the Arch, the "House on the Bridge of Notre Dame," which was brought out on the 31st, will be repeated. It will not have a long run, we opine.

The Davis Family were at Henderson, Ind., on the 1st inst. Their entertainments are said to be unique and interesting. They are travelling eastward.

As a jolly entertainment is presented, nightly, at Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, that casey establishment continues its deserved prosperity, much to the delight of the manager, who never ceases in his efforts to produce "shining lights" as an attraction to draw the glittering "possibles" into the treasury box. An evening at the Varieties can be well spent.

The Herman Opera Troupe having completed its campaign in Canada, went to Indianapolis and played "Cinderella" for twenty-one nights, from thence to Fort Wayne and Terre Haute, and return to Indianapolis, where, on one night of their stay, they will devote the proceeds of their performance to aid the volunteers. They will soon be on their way East, taking Louisville, Cincinnati, Buffalo, New York, and Boston on their route.

The Melodeon, late Schiller Hall, Albany, N. Y., is tolerably successful. Among the company, we notice the names of J. P. English, Tom Brookfield, Charley Lewis, T. Hutchinson, E. W. Langrish, Master Diamond, Miss Bake and Miss Nellie Howard.

Yankee Robinson, we are pleased to learn, has recovered from his recent indisposition. His "Double Show" will disband on or about the 10th inst., previous to which, however, they will show at Little Valley, Cuba, Angelica, Hornellsville, Bath, Penn Yan, and Watkins, in this State, staying one day in each place.

Geo. T. Sheldon intends entering into the dwarf business soon, and will go on a tour with Gen. Chas. Nestel, 19 years old, of Fort Wayne, of Indian extraction. He is said to be the exact counterpart of Tom Thumb, though rather smaller. 27 inches high, 28 pounds weight. Major Joseph Hunter, 13 years old, smaller yet, 26 inches high, 27 pounds weight.

Our correspondent, "Seneca," remits the following report of theatrical affairs in St. Louis, his communication being dated Oct. 29th.—"FRIEND QUEEN.—Since my last, Mr. Nesfie has finished his engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, having played to rather poor business. In fact the music halls are fast killing the legitimate drama in this way, it seems to me; they offer good entertainments, variety, rapid succession of novelties, and lastly, but not least, that ease and abandon, for which all men have a latent love. You can drop in anytime in the evening and do not arrive in the middle of the act or play, but within a few minutes there is sure to be a change, and always something to please. Thus many lose their taste for attending the regular theatres, and sitting through a five act piece, when they can see all the plot, and much of the action, condensed in a treatise of not over

in town as formerly, and what are here have little money to spend. ..... Your correspondent at Leavenworth must have become needlessly alarmed; I almost daily see men from Leavenworth who arrive here with all the limbs, and hair they left home with, and the line of the H & St Jo. R R is as safe to travel over to day as it ever was..... Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commences at the St. Louis Theatre to-night..... During some two months past, there has appeared daily in the *Republican*, an advertisement calling for the offer to a Mr. Le Blanc, of all kinds of queer birds, reptiles, and animals. Now the thing has culminated in an exhibition of a most interesting Happy Family a new thing here..... Our Art Exhibition, "for the benefit of wounded soldiers," is proving a giant success, as so meritorious a cause should make it."

From our late English exchanges we glean the following theatrical news..... Charles Mathews appeared during the week ending on the 19th ult., at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, in a variety of characters ..... The American Circus, under the management of S. B. Howes, had been performing to good business at Brighton..... Mdlle Grisi gave the first of her farewell performances, at Bath, on the 14th ult., and the second at Bristol on the 15th..... Mdlle Patti gave Jenny Lind's echo song admirably, at a concert in Birmingham, on the 18th ult..... Brook's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was drawing to a close. His renditions of Shylock, Macbeth, Julian St Pierre, Richelieu, are much eulogised, preference being given to the former..... "Colleen Bawn" has had forty-one representations at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow..... John Drew met with a very flattering reception at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the 14th ult., when he made his first appearance as Sir Patrick Plenipo, and Handy Andy. The *Era* says that in low or genteel Irish comedy, he has now no equal. On the 16th, during the performance, Mr. Drew was seized with a most serious illness, rendering it necessary for medical aid to be called in. He was ordered to leave the theatre for home at once. He had not recovered, at latest accounts..... Rumsey and Newcombe's Minstrels were still holding forth at Clayton Hall, Liverpool, where they had been for sixteen weeks, their performances being as attractive as ever..... The Draytons had payed a flying visit to Leeds, and gave their parlor entertainments for one week to delighted audiences..... The Florences were at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where they were meeting with considerable success..... Christy's Minstrels had been to Nottingham and Northampton. The fun and frolic of Collins and Moore, and the excellent ballad singing of Wilson, was received by the audiences with enthusiastic applause. Sexton's "Essence of Old Virginny" was also well received.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is playing at Mrs H A Perry's Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich.

Leslie's Campbell Minstrels gave an entertainment at the Court House, at Monticello, N. Y., on the 29th ult., in which the funny element predominated.

The Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers, blowed their last blow at Brooklyn last week, where they have been for some time blowing their best to appreciative audiences. An old phrase reads thus, "A word and a blow, and the blow first." With the glass blowers, however, it is a blow first, last and all the time. Where the blowers will blow to after they have done blowing in Brooklyn, we know not, but if they will blow on themselves in that particular, we will blow on them in next week's CLIPPER, "we'll be blowed if we wont."

Some individual or individuals, with malice prepense, have been circulating the statement, we presume, that Prof Anderson performs the same feats at each performance. A Cincinnati paper takes up the cudgel in his behalf, and says that "this resources are too abundant to confine him to any such limited role."

The concert for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, given at Smith and Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 29th ult., by Madame Rivarde and her accomplished sister, proved quite a success. The singing was pronounced superb.

A dramatized version of Dickens' "Great Expectations," the joint production of Messrs Holmes and Maeder, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C E, on the 28th ult., and pleased the audience vastly. Mr Lamb as Joe Gargery, was particularly happy; Mr. Holmes as Mr. Pumblechoke, was humorous in the extreme; and Mrs Van Deren's Miss Haversham was excellent.

Mr Joseph Proctor, opened at Providence, R. I., on the 28th ult., for one week, in the part of Virginius. Mr. P. commences an engagement at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, this (Monday) evening.

Ned Kendall, known as the great bugler, died at his residence, in Boston, on the 26th ult, after a long and painful illness. Mr Kendall had achieved a great reputation in both this country and England, and his name had long been a household word with all the patrons of public amusements in Boston. He was 54 years of age, and had been confined to the house by illness for the last two years.

An Austrian nobleman, Baron de Silberstein, who has just died at Vienna, has by will bequea hed 200 000 florins to each of the universities of Vienna and Prague, to be employed in assisting poor students, and 40 000 florins to a Mlle Zollner, an actress.

From San Francisco, Cal., we have the following news in reference to theatrical affairs:—Dr Bassett's Hippodrome, has been giving a series of farewell performances previous to their departure for South America. The stock was to be sold at auction on the 7th ult. ..... At the Metropolitan Theatre, business is stated to have been not over good. The "Eves" had been shelved at last advices, and the *Morning Call*, of Oct 6 h alluding thereto, makes the following non-committal remarks:—"The 'Eves, or the Statue Bride' has proven a source of discord at this establishment, for on saturday week Miss Gougenheim's engagement came to an abrupt termination. With such differences between artistes and managers we have nought to do. The manager of a theatre is supposed to have an object in presenting attractions to the public that of making money, and he is the best judge of the method of so doing. If he errs, he misses his mark and of course is saddled with the consequences. The spectacle was presented up to Thursday evening in the same style as the previous week, Miss Alicia Mandeville sustaining the part of the Statue Bride, and Mrs. Lehman enacting that of the Fairy Queen. Miss Mandeville is not only a prominent but an ambitious young actress, who infuses a little of the leaven of enthusiasm into all her endeavors. What she does do is always neat and pleasing, and her effort as the Statue Bride reflected credit on her capacity to sustain the part. Had she made the character herself the effort would have been a noteworthy one, but it lacked that individuality she usually infuses in the character she sustains. On Thursday evening the prose or original English version of the piece was substituted, but was withdrawn last evening in favor of 'Fans and Fandangoes,' a burletta. Messrs. Wheatleigh, Courtaine, Leach, and Pneips, who took Mr Wood's part on Thursday evening, that gentleman suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and Mrs. Burrill and the Martinetti's, with Miles Winder, Desree Lehman, and their whole force, performed their duties with fidelity and excellence, the satirical and scenic portions of the piece being very attractive ..... As our two correspondents from that region conflict somewhat in their statements, contrary to our custom, we quote still farther from the same journal, in order, if possible, that our readers may arrive at the exact state of affairs. In referring to Maguire's Opera House, it says:—"Mrs. W H Leighton has been carrying the town by storm during the week, although she has held in reserve her best characters in order to join forces with Mr Jefferson, who, having recovered from his severe illness, will re-appear next week, and the two together will prove magnets of attraction. The novelties of the week, if we can call them such, have been the performance of the comedy of 'Captain Charlotte,' the burletta of 'Our Gal,' and the re-production of 'An Object of Interest,' in which Mr. O'Neil, the Irish comedian, conjoined, and the combination of Leighton and O'Neil in the same piece since Thursday night last, has sufficed not alone to crowd the house, but to send every visitor away more than pleased with the performances. Mrs Leighton did not make as much of Captain Charlotte as we had supposed she was capable of doing nor was the comedy performed as it should have been, Mr. Franks being decidedly out of his depth in the principal part which was assigned him. Miss Sophie Edwin and Miss Mandeville performed with great spirit, but Messrs Lehman and Barry, buffooned their characters too much, and the stage representatives of courtiers were rather brigandish in appearance. Prompt attention should be paid to the accessories of the scene, and considerable of the spirit of pe ods represented is lost from the clumsiness exhibited in filling up the stage tableaux. 'Our Gal' did not do well, as it is but a rough out ine at best, and, with good taste, was not submitted a second time. The 'Object of Interest' and the 'Fool of the Family' have been the standard resources for a vast amount of genuine fun, in which Mrs L seems to please to such an extent, that we notice a large number of the audience have become regular habitues, and take to the theatre as a part and parcel of their every day life. In both of these pieces, Mrs L., in gushing abandon and spirit of mirth, fairly surpasses any actress we have had in her line. Her songs, too, find favor, and triple encores have been regular features. Mr O'Neil, as Barney, makes a great deal out of a small part, and lends an additional zest to the feast of fun presented. To-night the bill is 'Captain Charlotte'..... The Melodeons have only been doing a so-sosish business with the exception of Gilbert's, who manages with great tact to draw crowds nightly with his excellent company..... The New National has re opened, under the management of Mr John Marshall, who has altered the house, and got a very promising company together..... At the Academy Mesdames Biccacianti and Schwegerle are singing..... The Belle Union is doing musicial pieces, with Miss Marian Lee and the regular force."

Frank Brower is now in Baltimore, Md., and is to perform on the 4th inst. at Kunkle's..... Sanford and troupe open at the Assembly Rooms on the same evening..... Geo. T. Sheldon's connection with the Continental Opera House, closes for a time, on the 7th inst, when he is to be the recipient of a benefit, which has been tendered him in very flattering terms, Mr. Ellenger offering the use of the house free and a number of the company their services, gratis. The latter, however, were politely declined.

O'Harra's Dramatic Troupe and Brass Band made a stay at Boonville, N. Y., for four nights, commencing on the 23d ult., Remsen, 28th; Prospect, 29th; and Rome, 30th. They are westward bound.

Mrs Knight, formerly Miss Povey, well known to many on this side of the Atlantic, died on Tuesday, 15th ult, at Brompton, Eng; to the great sorrow of her brother and friends. Miss Povey was born January 26 h 1804, and at twelve years of age became the pupil of Mr. Tom Cooke. She made her first appearance at Drury Lane in the season 1819-20. She possessed great sweetness of voice and for some years was a considerable favorite with the public. She was the first lady who sang at the Dramatic Fund dinners where at that of Drury Lane she sang the Echo song from Comus, accompanied by her master, Mr Tom Cooke, on the violin. After a time she came with her brother, Mr John Povey, to America, making her first appearance at the Park Theatre, in New York. She returned to England, after twenty five years' absence, and resided in retirement at Brompton, where she expired. She married Mr E Knight, a musician and son of the celebrated "Little Knight," of Drury Lane. Her husband died many years ago in this country.

"A new American Actress," Miss Jane Coombs, and announced as "the leading star at all the principal theatres in the United States for some two or three years past" is shortly to appear before an English audience at the Haymarket. The *Era* says:—"We learn, from authorities on which we place perfect reliance, that, as an actress of high class comedy, as well as in juvenile tragedy parts, the professional abilities of Miss Jane Coombs are of no common order; she is reported to be handsome, gracefully tall, and possessed of a lady-like carriage and demeanor, advantages which, in themselves, go far towards ensuring success. We shall be much disappointed if Miss Coombs does not prove a most welcome addition to our stage. She will appear, we understand, in the course of next month."

Mrs D P Bowers, has met with great success on the London, (Eng) boards, and the critics place her in a very prominent position. It is stated that she is shortly to appear before the Queen, by Royal command, at Windsor Castle. We congratulate the lady on the success she has achieved.

STILL LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE ENGLISH PRIZE RING.

EXCITING TRIAL FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP,

BETWEEN

TOM KING and YOUNG BROOME,

For £100.

The long expected fight between Young Tom King (who is matched with Jem Mace for the Champion's Belt and £400,) and William Evans (Young Broome,) was brought to a successful conclusion on Monday, Oct 21st., at a well-known locality, and not more than a hundred miles from the spot where an international combat took place early in 1860. The match was made soon after King had signed articles to fight the present Champion Jem Mace, in January next, and there was, of course, a certain amount of interest centred in the match, in consequence of its being looked upon as a public trial for King, so that a line could be drawn respecting his capabilities to wrest the laurels from Jem Mace. Tom King was born on Aug. 14, 1835, in Silver Street, Stepney, 6ft 2½ in. in his stocking feet, and, on the present occasion, weighed about 12st 12 lb. Before he thought of aspiring to high honors in the P R, he sailed a voyage to Africa as a sailor before the mast. On his return to his native land, he worked at the Victoria Docks as a foreman of the shipping works, during which time he fought two or three battles off-handed, being in each instance victorious. The "East-enders," always fond of a good one, having talked about King and his pretensions, the whisper reached Jem Ward, who soon made inquiries. Pending the negotiations between Ward and King, the latter had a "turn up" with a *navvy*, who called himself Brighton Bill, who was not out long, as King put down his pretensions in one round. He then received forfeit from Smith, of Portsmouth, who forfeited at the second deposit. Camp, of Newgate Market, was the next who had a shy at King, a match being made for £25 a side, which was brought to a conclusion by the Newgate representative forfeiting at the second deposit. King then issued a challenge to fight any man in England for £100 a side, which met with no response, and a match was made with Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, for £50 a side, at catch weight, whom he met down the river, on November 27, 1860, and defeated easily in 49 rounds, which lasted 1 hour and 2 min. Jem Mace having proved victorious over the gigantic Sam Hurst, of Staleybridge, was challenged by King, and the match was soon made between them for £200 a side, and the Champion's belt, which event has to be decided in the last week in January in the ensuing year. Immediately after the match was made, Young King was taken under the protecting wing of Nat Langham, who took him about the country starring with him, and from time to time imparted some of his own "wrinkles" to the Young Big Un. About a month before the fight he left London for his training quarters, which was at T Sayer's, Wandsworth, where he had the combined conveniences of the river and the road. He was looked after in his training by G. Driver, who carefully attended to his wants &c., and certainly the condition of King was a credit to himself and trainer. The night before the contest he arrived in town, and took up his quarters at Barham's, 152 High Holborn, where Nat, since he has left the Cambrian, has taken up his quarters, and from whence he took his departure on the morning.

William Evans, alias Young Broome, was born in August, 1836, stands 5 feet 10 inches, and, on this occasion, weighed 11st 2lb; has fought twice before in the P. R, viz., with a gentleman of color, called Kangaroo, whom he defeated, for £15 a side, 18 rounds, 30 minutes, down the river, on March 13, 1858. He next fought and defeated Tom Roberts, for £25 a side, in 30 rounds, 50 minutes, down the river. He also received £10 forfeit from Tyson, who could not get to weight; and £10 forfeit from Joe M'Gee; and forfeited £10 to Joe Goss. Young Broome having a small opinion of King's pretensions to the championship, challenged him to fight at catch-weight for £50, which was accepted after due consideration, and Broome, after getting his friends to rally round him, went to train at Mr. Peckwood's, Hammersmith Bridge, about six weeks since, at that time weighing about 13st 4 lb. which bulk was reduced by hard work to his present weight of 11st 2 lb. Dando, the well known trainer of Tom Paddock, looked after Broome, and most certainly did his duty to his man. Alec Keene had the management of Broome, and he showed the night previous to the fight at the Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, from which he took his departure in the morning. There was but little betting on the event, only a few speculations being made at 3 to 1 on King. A very early hour was arranged for the departure, which was made from a well-known station; and, after a pleasant trip by rail over about sixty miles of ground, a spot was found which was considered fit for the amusement. No time was lost in the ring being formed, by Fred Oliver and assistants, when Broome was the first to throw in his cap, attended by a well-known bung and retired pugilist, and Bob Travers. King soon followed suit, with Joe Phelps and Bos Tyler as his attendants. The referee was soon chosen, and the colors tied to the stake, Broome having a salmon-colored handkerchief, with a narrow magenta stripe and border for his flag. King had for his standard a chocolate handkerchief, with white, blue, and yellow lozenge and blue border. During the progress of the toilets of the men, a large number of the aristocracy assembled on horseback, &c., and, altogether, the scene was of a very superior order. The ring was well kept by Billy Duncan, the P. R. A. inspector, assisted by Young Shaw, Tom Paddock, and Dan Collins. At length all the preliminaries having been arranged, the men stood up at 9:44 for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. King was, of course, the first to attract the eyes of the *connoisseurs*, and his condition was immediately a mooted point, many, who are by no means bad judges, stating that he was many pounds too heavy; while others—amongst whom was our own reporter—thought that he was in very good trim, but no doubt without the polish which could have been shown had his finishing touch been given by a first rate proficient. As King placed himself in attitude, his commanding height was seen to great advantage, while the free play of his shoulders and arms, showed that whatever artistic skill he might by any chance be deficient in, still there was propelling power sufficient to compete with a greater amount of *talent*. King has a wide spread of shoulder, combined with a great development of the muscles on the back, his chest well arched, showing that there is plenty room for the play of his lungs when in work, his loins are rather narrow, while his legs are worthy of the proportions of the upper part of his frame. His position, as he stood in attitude, was very erect, his right hand well across his chest, and the left well advanced, but low. Young Broome looked, in comparison, a small man, but on scanning his proportions, a great amount of power could be discovered in the muscles, which stood out fairly developed under the skin, each as sharply defined as in an anatomical study. His attitude was rather stiff, with the left well advanced, but with no forcible action, the position of the right showing an evident determination for mischief. The way in which Broome stood as he sparred, prepared the spectators for an exhibition of "trotting," of which they were most pleasingly disappointed. No time was lost in sparring, for both being in the mind for serious business, hostilities were commenced at once, by King getting close to Broome and feinting with his left, but Broome was "wide oh," and got out of danger. Broome, who was more than eager, dashed his left at the head, but, in consequence of his great hurry, he was woefully short. King, who would be busy, got his left fairly on the front of the head, receiving on the chest. This led to good exchanges, in which both were too eager, until Broome went down.

2 On time being called, Broome came up first, amidst the cheers of his friends who were taken by surprise at his cleverness in avoiding punishment. King, who appeared determined to finish the affair off-hand, went straight to his opponent, who, nothing loth, met him, and they fought right and left with both hands, King getting well on the nose and forehead, Broome landing on the chest and neck. This bout was finished by Broome getting to close quarters, when King picked him up in his arms, and by sheer strength threw him, after a good struggle, and fell upon him.

3 Both came up pretty when time was called; nevertheless, they commenced as soon as they were within distance by right and left deliveries, Broome getting fairly on to King's neck and forehead; King delivering his left on the nose and jaw, Broome getting his left on the neck heavily, grazing the skin and drawing the blood, King at the same time landing his left on Broome's forehead, made the first event—first blood—equal. They then closed, and exchanges took place until Broome went to grass.

4. As Broome came up, the effects of the blow delivered by King upon the forehead were very apparent, there being a lump with a cut, while King had his right cheek and chest flushed. Broome, who evidently thought he had only to go in and win, fought very fast, which tactics met the ideas of the candidate for the championship, as they ought furiously with both hands, until Broome was knocked down by a right hander on the jaw. The quick fighting that had taken place, and the eagerness of the combatants can only be explained by stating that the time occupied in the four rounds was only four minutes.

5 Broome, who appeared to have had the worst of the previous round, came up smiling, and, in point of fact, forced the fighting by leading off with his left at the head, which was rendered ineffective by King getting home with his left on the nose. This brought on some heavy exchanges with both hands, King getting well on the forehead and nose, receiving on the chest and cheek until they got to the ropes, where the same tactics were pursued until they closed, when King proved himself much the stronger man, as he picked up Broome, and, after a short struggle, threw him, landing his right on the chest as Broome fell.

6 When time was called, both came up with a determination to settle the matter "off hand," which was evident from the manner in which the rapid exchanges were delivered on both sides, which were landed on the part of King on the nose, forehead, and right ear, Broome getting well on the cheek and chest, twice falling from the force of his own blow at the finish.

7 Both were blowing as they left their second's knees, nevertheless, the game was kept alive by their simultaneously delivering their left on the face and chest, King having the best of the exchanges. Broome missed a couple of well intended right handers, for which mistake he was fought down, after a good rally.

8 The same tactics were pursued as in the previous round, the right and left exchanges being of the same character. Broome, after breaking away, got his right on King's jaw twice, steadying the rush of the "big 'un," who reached Broome's forehead with his right. This forced a rather wild rally, in which King missed one or two "well-intended" with the left. Broome, who got on a right-hander on the forehead, by accident, fell from the force of his own blow.

9 Broome, who was first up, was blowing very freely, and had a cut on the left eyebrow. King had no mark, with the exception of his right cheek being slightly swelled. No time was lost in sparring, for they commenced proceedings as soon as they met. Both being very eager, they closed, and some very fast and wild exchanges took place, Broome getting on the cheek and forehead, King on the nose and cheek; after which they closed, and both, after a short struggle, were down side by side.

10 The equal fighting in the previous round had decidedly roused the energies of both, as they each missed their first deliveries, being too eager to get on. On steadying, they countered neatly with the left, Broome getting well upon the cheek; King followed suit on the nose. Broome, who was determined to make the pace good, tried to land his right twice, but without avail, getting the third on King's neck, King retaliated by sending his left on Broome's nose, the latter hit out at a venture with his right, which reached the side of King's head, and Broome went down rather suspiciously.

11 No sooner were the opponents at the scratch than they commenced proceedings by counter-ring with the left flush on the front of the head, after which King got his left on the cheek; Broome, in retaliation, sent his left on the jaw, and the right heavily on the left eye. Exchanges followed, in which King proved himself the strongest by forcing Broome down in his own corner.

12 Broome was first up, and as King opposed him, was the first to take the initiative, by leading off with his left, which was rather short, only landing on the chest. King, who was equally willing to try conclusions, rushed in, delivered a couple of heavy blows on the nose and shoulder, receiving a right-hander on the forehead, a left ditto on the cheek, which was followed by Broome delivering a fair smack with the right on the eye, which knocked King down against the ropes. Odds to take 6 to 4 that Broome would be the winner.

13 Broome, when time was called, came up bleeding from the cut under the eye, administered in the previous bout, but nothing loth, met King with great determination, and, both equally bent upon mischief, the exchanges which took place were wildly delivered, until they closed, when Broome twisted King off his legs, but who was eventually uppermost as they reached the ground.

14 Both again eager, were up on time being called; King showing with a lump on his cheek, which was open under the left eye; Broome having his nose out of shape, and his forehead swelled. No time was lost in sparring, both commencing by sending out the left, each missing from over impetuosity. Broome, who tried his left and missed, got down cleverly.

15 This round was remarkable for the quickness of the exchanges, both getting on the head and chest. When they closed, King held Broome by sheer strength, and got on his right three times, twice being on the nose and forehead, and the third on the shoulder. King stumbled against the stakes, and got down.

16. This round was commenced by their sparring for wind, King putting his hands down and walking round the ring. Broome, who was advised by his seconds to force the fighting, went to work resolutely, got his left well on the mouth, catching it in return on the nose. He, nothing daunted, rushed in, and got his right on the cheek, and fell from the force of his own blow.

17 A cry that the authorities were coming was raised, and both men being confident and eager to settle the business, they commenced by delivering counters on the eye and nose, which led to exchanges at close quarters, Broome receiving on the nose, King having one on the same spot—"a warm 'un." This warmed the "long 'un" up, and he sent his right straight on the mark, Broome getting on the cheek. They then closed, and some very heavy exchanges took place, Broome getting on the cheek and nose, while King, who was very busy, planted his left between the eyes, cutting to the bone, then taking hold of Broome, he delivered three straight right-handers on the same spot, widening the cut, and Broome was eventually fought down.

The alarm of the arrival of the police was proved to be too correct, as they came to the ring side, and a remove was necessitated, after the men had been fighting twenty minutes. No time was lost in making tracks to another county, where a convenient spot having been pitched upon, the men were soon again at their posts for the fray, at 10.25.

RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT.

18. On the men again appearing, Broome had his nose plastered up, but still bleeding, his mouth swollen, and his eyes blackened; King had his jaw swelled, and his left eye with a cut underneath, but as strong as at the commencement. Broome, who was very confident commenced the proceedings by leading off with his left at the head, getting it on the nose in return. This led to exchanges, both delivering heavily on the head and chest, until Broome was fought down in his own corner.

19. King came up very confidently, and commenced proceedings by planting his left on the old sore spot, receiving on the forehead. Broome got his left on the cheek and neck, receiving some heavy returns on the nose and right ear, being finally fought down at the ropes.

20. The battle from this time took a decided lead in favor of King, who, notwithstanding the pace at which they had been fighting, was as strong as at the commencement. Broome, who was suffering from the repeated visitations on the nose, tried all he could to turn the tables, but without avail, as, on his forcing the fighting, King knocked him away from him, and notwithstanding several left hand visitations on the part of Broome, he succeeded in getting on several severe right and left blows, and the round was concluded by King knocking down Broome with a right hander on the jaw.

21 to 30. The fighting in these rounds was of precisely the same character; notwithstanding all the game and determined efforts of Broome, who never at any time flinched in the least, and in several instances surprising his backers and the spectators by the manner in which he struggled against fate, which although slowly, was surely being decided against him. Broome, in the last of these rounds tried to get away from the repeated visitations of King and cleverly slipped him; but King followed him, and finally knocked him down with the right. Time in the second ring, 14 min.

31 Broome, as game as any man could be, came up bleeding from the cut on the nose, and with his ears much swelled from the blows administered by King, who had both cheek bones swollen, and several red marks on the ring and shoulders, as well as the left eye being nearly closed. Notwithstanding the punishment Broome had received, he persevered to turn the tables, and met the determined rushes of King as well as he was able. It was evident at this time that his, Broome's, left hand was gone, a couple of his knuckles being knocked up, which was the reason of his repeated attempts to land his right, and, in many instances, he gave his head to try and bring the battle off in his favor by a cross-counter with the right. King forced the fighting, and some good exchanges took place in favor of King, who, after a spirited rally, fought Broome down.

32 to 34. The same tactics were displayed by the opponents—King the stronger man, forcing the fighting as fast as he could, and the seconds of Broome sent him to fight, knowing that it was only a matter of time, unless their man could land the victory by an accident, which he most strenuously endeavored to do by getting his right on the jaw; but King, too strong in each round, bored Broome down, until the last, when Broome landed his right on the spot, which staggered King, who fell upon his knees.

35. Broome, who came up resolutely, but weak, met the rush of King with great determination, but was, as before, the chief recipient of the punishment, as his left hand could not be administered with much telling effect; nevertheless he closed, and, after a good rally at the ropes, he threw King, but not heavily.

36. The cheers and encouragement given to Broome, as he came up, had decidedly nettled King, for, the instant he left his second's knee, he rushed to close quarters, and, despite all the game efforts of Broome, he was fought down at the ropes.

37. Broome, who came up slowly, was bleeding from the cut between the eyes, which were fast closing, and with his mouth much swelled. Despite his weakness he was resolute and did not flinch in the slightest from the rush of his gigantic opponent, who sent his left on the old spot, Broome landing his right well upon the ribs. King, not to be stalled off, bored in, and fought Broome down in the latter's corner. Time in second ring, 20 min.

38. Broome came up this round apparently much better than heretofore, as he was quicker on his legs than in the last eight rounds. King rubbed his ribs as he came up, and, getting within reach, rushed to close quarters, when some very heavy hitting took place; King fighting at the head, and Broome at the body. On breaking away, Broome landed his left on King's nose, for which he was fought down at the ropes, despite all his endeavors to "hold his own."

39. Young Broome, in this round, revived the fallen hopes of his friends, as, on King missing his left, he planted his left neatly on Tom's nose, and his right immediately afterwards on the jaw, which brought King on his knees.

40. The hopes of the Broomites were doomed to disappointment, for despite the turn in his favor in the last round, it was apparent that he was fast falling weak from loss of blood; and the seconds of King finding out the fact, sent him in to win, and he fought Broome down in his own corner.

41 TO 43 AND LAST. In each of these rounds Broome only came up to be fought down. In the last but one he was knocked down as he came gamely, but staggering, to meet his opponent. In the last, King walked straight to Broome's corner, and, hitting him on the nose, Broome fell upon his face. His seconds, finding it useless to prolong the contest, threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, Young King being hailed the conqueror, after fighting forty-two minutes in the two rings.

REMARKS.

The game manner in which this splendid contest was carried on from start to finish, has invested the approaching contest for the Championship with greater interest. The manner in which King put up with the right handed deliveries of Broome (which were by no means light), has raised him in the estimation of all who witnessed the fight, and already speculation on the event has commenced. One well known "ring follower" having expressed the opinion that King had a chance, was contradicted in a manner by no means polite, which argument was, as usual, decided in a true blue manner, a sum of money being invested on the result. Tom King has improved in his fighting greatly since his encounter last autumn with Truckle, of Portsmouth, and no doubt he has learned a lesson in the encounter with Broome. He is very impetuous in his rushes, in one of which he got the cut under the left eye, as well as several of the right-handers, which at all times are dangerous, a chance blow having, in so many instances, brought off a battle when all chance was apparently gone. That he is thoroughly game there can now be no question, and his steadiness in training, etc., is a certain proof that he will, in the eventful contest for the Championship, be as fit as man can be possibly trained. Young Broome, although defeated, is by no means disgraced, and his friends, to a man, are satisfied with his performance, which has taken even his warmest admirers by surprise. Rumors had been flying about respecting Broome's gameness, and he having heard of the same, stated his determination to be game on this occasion; that he most faithfully kept his word, a perusal of the above account must prove. After the sponge was thrown up, Broome was carefully attended to by his seconds, but notwithstanding all their attention, he soon became totally blind. After reaching the first convenient domicile, he was put to bed, when, despite all the usual remedies, he was attacked with a severe fit of cold shivers, which could not be subdued for some time. At a late hour in the afternoon, he was recovered sufficiently to take his departure for town, where, on his arrival, he met with a most hearty reception. His friends, we hear with much pleasure, have expressed their intention to pay him for his colors the same as if they were winning ones, and a joint benefit is already in contemplation, which will be carried out under such management as will ensure success. This is decidedly Broome's final appearance in the P. R. Although on this occasion he has not proved successful, still, when the disadvantages under which he labored are taken into consideration, the gallant struggle he made to achieve a victory, will remain chronicled amidst the old fashioned mills of the days of Young Dutch Sam, Broome, Owen, Swift, &c. &c.; in fact, one very old ring-goer stated it was the best "box" he had seen since the memorable contest of Nat Langham and Harry Orme. Young King left for town at an earlier period than his opponent, and passed the evening amidst his friends at the east end.

Both men are as well as can be expected after the day's journey on Monday, and met last night at Alec Keene's, and partook of a friendly glass, after which they both went home, better friends than on the early meeting on Monday morning.—*Sporting Life* Oct 23.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—A trial of speed took place on the Franklin Course, North Chelsea, on the 30th ult., for a stake of $500, between R L Flanders' b m St Lawrence Maid and Dan Mace's w g White Chief, which created considerable excitement among betting men. The Flanders mare was a very strong favorite before the start, but as soon as they began to score, the friends of the gelding took courage, it being evident that the mare was in some way amiss. She has speed enough to make a good race with the Chief, but like all of the female sex is coquettish. The mare had the pole at the start, under the saddle, the horse being driven to harness. Wm Woodruff mounted the Maid, and Dan Mace managed White Chief.

The mare broke before they got to the turn, and the gelding took the pole and opened a gap of two lengths. This was varied somewhat during the heat, the mare making several brushes at the Chief, but he maintained the lead to the end. He broke as if tired near the last quarter pole, but crossed the score about two lengths in front. Time, 5:19½.

In the second heat the mare was put in harness and Mr. Flanders took the ribbons for her. They got a good send off and hummed around the turn at a lively gait. One of Flanders' wheels lost a tyre in the first half mile, making him a little cautious on the sharp turns. He was obliged to lag three or four lengths behind through the heat and was beaten a half dozen lengths to the stand. Both made several breaks in the heat. The result was quite satisfactory to those who had taken the odds of two to one on the mare. Summary:—

FRANKLIN COURSE, North Chelsea, Wednesday, Oct. 30. Match for $500. Two miles and repeat, to go as they please.

Dan Mace named w g White Chief, to harness 1 1
R. L. Flanders named b m St Lawrence Maid, to saddle and harness 2 2

Time—5:19½; 5:17.

TROTTING AT PAWTUCKET, R. I.—A trot came off at the Pawtucket Riding Park, on the 29 h ult., between D Mace's s g Sorrel Dan and W. Woodruff's b m Lady Shaw to saddle. The track, which was in good condition, is situated in a peculiarly pleasant spot. Around the half mile circle there is a margin of pine trees, and outside of the fence are groves of trees for the accommodation of those "patrons of the turf" who prefer to sacrifice a pair of five dollar pants in climbing a tree, rather than pay twenty five cents for admission to the Park. The track is also quite level, and, from the stand, every step of the horse can be seen and criticised. The surface is a fine loam, capable of being made perfect after a winter has passed over it. The race in question was one of the finest ever witnessed there. Before the start was made, the odds were two to one on Lady Shaw against her competitor, Sorrel Dan. They were to go as they pleased, and they pleased to go to saddles. Before the first heat was decided, the owner of Dan offered to lay 100 to 30 upon his horse. Dan Mace was the rider of Sorrel Dan, and Wm. Woodruff jockied Lady Shaw.

First Heat.—Lady Shaw had the pole, and after two false starts they got the word. Dan took the lead on the first turn and held it around to the back stretch, where Dan carried himself so fast that the mare got off her feet and Dan opened on her some eight lengths. Dan kept steady, and Shaw crawled up to three lengths as they passed the stand on the first half—time, 1 17½. As they turned again into the back stretch the mare broke badly, and Mr. Mead, owner of Sorrel Dan, offered 100 to 30 on his gelding. The mare fell behind terribly and made up part of the gap by running. Dan came to the score six length ahead—time, 2:35½—best time yet made on the track.

Second Heat.—They made one mistake and then the word was given. Dan made his fore feet break in the race on the first turn, and the mare led him up the stretch a dozen lengths. He lessened the gap a little and kept in the neighborhood of the mare, passing the stand for the first half, four lengths behind her—time 1:17. As they went around the lower turn Dan made a woful break and fell off several rods in the stretch. On the last quarter, however, he squared himself and went after the lady like a Minnie bullet. He closed up an enormous gap so speedily that the spectators were a good deal astonished, and collaring the mare at the head of the home stretch, he beat her down to the score by half a length in 2:24.

Third Heat.—One false start and they got away with their noses together, and were never an inch apart through the heat. It was a blanket race in the true sense of the word. Neither of them made a break, and Dan succeeded in winning the heat by a neck, in 2:35½. Summary:—

Pawtucket Riding Park, Tuesday, Oct. 29. Proprietor's purse, $150 ($50 to second best), horses to go as they please; mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. Mace, named s g. Sorrel Dan, to saddle 1 1 1
W. Woodruff, named b. m. Lady Shaw, to saddle 2 2 2

Time, 2:35½—2:24—2:35½.

On Wednesday and Thursday, 30th and 31st ult., the races at Pawtucket were continued, and some excellent trotting was witnessed. A purse of $75 ($25 to second best) was awarded on Wednesday. The black gelding Tom Benton took the first, and the grey gelding Grey Eagle the second prize. Grey Eagle won the first and second heats in 2:44, and then Tom Benton went for the first place and held it to the end of the race. The time of the respective heats was 2:44, 2:44, 2:45½, 2:42, 2:47.

On Thursday the last heat, Lady Shaw and Sorrel Dan contended for a purse of $125—$25 to second best. The Sorrel vanquished Lady Shaw in the saddle race on Tuesday, but the mare was the favorite before the start—she being a reliable animal, while Sorrel Dan had been voted somewhat uncertain, on account of his performances on the Franklin Course.

First Heat.—Lady Shaw had the pole, and after one false start she went off with the lead, and maintained it throughout the mile. Both trotted steadily on the first half, 1:24. Shaw began to cut loose and got away, opening a respectable gap. Dan broke in the stretch and gained a length or so. Dan broke again in the home stretch, and the Lady beat him home a length. Time, 2:44.

Second Heat.—Lady Shaw broke soon after passing the score, and Dan took the pole, leading around to the stand on the first half mile in 1:23. Shaw got up again at the lower turn and fell off several lengths. She made another break in the stretch and Dan was easy on the lead until he broke on the upper turn and the Lady closed upon him. They had a sharp struggle down the home stretch and Dan won the heat by the three quarters of a length only. Time, 2:44.

Third Heat.—After scoring once they got an even start. Dan made two breaks in the back stretch, and Lady Shaw went away from him. He closed upon her as they came down past the stand, making the first half mile in 1:20. They had a close race on the last half mile, but the mare beat him out by an open length in 2:38.

Fourth Heat.—Sorrel Dan made a flying break after they got into the straight work and fell behind. They trotted fast around the turn, and as they passed the stand, on the first half mile, (1:21) Dan was lying close to Shaw's wheel. He kept that position to the back stretch when he collared her and carried to a break and beat her home in 2:39.

Fifth Heat.—Dan made a gaining break on the first half mile and led the mare past the stand, in 1:19. He was a length ahead up the back stretch, and the mare closed upon him as they rounded the turn, but she made a break before reaching the home stretch and he beat her to the score in 2:40. Summary:—

PAWTUCKET (R. I.) RIDING PARK, Thursday, Oct. 31. Proprietors purse $125, ($25 to second best). Mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

D. Mace, named s g Sorrel Dan 2 1 2 1 1
J. McGlue named b m Lady Shaw 1 2 1 2 2

Time, 2:44, 2:44, 2:38, 2:39, 2:40.

In addition to the above race a purse of $25 was given by the proprietor of the track to the horse that should trot a mile and repeat nearest to three minutes. Wm. Woodruff won the first and third heat, and the purse, in 3:01½ and 3:01. Four entries were made, and Lady Cornet won the second heat in 3:01—the others were distanced for running. The day was fine, and everybody present seemed to relish the sport.

TROTTING IN PHILADELPHIA.—At Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, on the 1st inst., the horses Lady King, Brother Jonathan and Rocket, contested in a race of mile heats, best 3 in 5. Lady King proved the victor in 2:35 and 2:39.

EXCELLENT INDEED!—This exclamation is universally made use of by the ladies, when speaking of Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, recently introduced by him. Its qualities are said to be superior for giving the skin a delicate alabaster appearance qualities that are not to be acquired by the use of any other cosmetic. His Liquid Rouge

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEER
BY BABBLE BROOK.

I.

With our finger on the trigger,
Wait, boys, till you see 'em wink;
Ere we make 'em "cut a figure,"
We will give 'em time to think
You know,
With our finger on the trigger!

II.

Don't be rough with those poor fellows—
Leave *just one* to tell the tale!
As for all their Braggs and Pillows—
Drop 'em as you would a quail—
Yes, boys!
Leave *just one* to tell the tale.

III.

When he's back in "ole Virginny,"
He will spread the tidings forth
That the rest have "gone to Guinea"
Or have "settled in the North!"
He will—
When he's back in "ole Virginny."

IN A TIGHT PLACE.
A TRAPPER'S STORY OF THE WEST.

"Give us a story, Ben, and let it be of the far West; I feel like hearing one to-night, and I know that my comrades are in the same mood."

"Yes; that's it, Ben, give us one of the days when you and Jim Ellis hunted on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains," said another of our party.

"Well, boys, if you want to hear a story from old Ben Niston, he will try and tell you one. I never could tell one half as well as Jim Ellis could, poor fellow. But he'll never tell another, nor trap another beaver in this world. The cussed red-skins shot him right down before my eyes, and I couldn't do the first thing to help him. But I've never shot one of the varmints since without thinking that I was avenging Jim—poor fellow!"

The bright flames throwing their sparkling light around the circle gathered round the camp-fire on the far plains of Utah that night, lit up each face, and showed a tear rolling down the sunburnt cheeks of the old trapper as he uttered, "poor fellow!"

Hastily brushing it away, as if fearing that it might be noticed and taken as a sign of weakness, the old man went on.

"Well, boys, I guess I'll tell you of the time when I lost Jim Ellis from my camp fire. We had tramped the plains together for twelve years, and Jim had got to be nearer than a brother to me. Whenever I think of him it makes my eyes kind of misty, and I don't never want to talk about him; but somehow, now I feel like it for it looks round to-night as it did the last night we spent on earth together. But if I keep on talking in this way I never shall get at my story.

"You see, Jim and I, one fall, got tired of trapping beavers—we wanted something more stirring; so we packed up our traps and started across the plains, bound to have some right-down sport in hunting the buffaloes and grizzlies on the plains and among the mountains.

"'Twas the middle of October, when we reached our hunting-ground, and for a few days we had a glorious time hunting, I can tell you, boys. Game was plenty as one could wish, and Jim and I were in our element.

"We had seen several parties of red skins on the plains the last few days, and the day before we reached our hunting-ground, while we were eating our dinner by the side of a small stream that was skirted with a few trees, we happened to look toward the place where we left our horses grazing but a short distance from us, on the open plain, and what should we see but a couple of rascally red skins mounted on our horses, and just starting in the opposite direction.

"We called at the top of our voices for them to stop but they paid no attention; so, bringing our rifles to our shoulder, we each sighted our man and fired. Jim's tottered a moment in the saddle and then fell heavily to the ground, while mine, unharmed, pausing in his flight, caught the bridle of the riderless horse, and before we could re-load, was beyond the reach of our rifles, taking our good steeds away from us before our eyes.

"With curses both loud and deep upon the rascally savages, we approached the fallen red-skin. He was lying upon his face perfectly motionless, and on Jim turning him over with the barrel of his rifle, we found that he was stone dead. Jim's bullet had gone through his brain.

"You see, boys, that we were left in rather a bad predicament. We were safe enough, unless the varmint that had got away, should return with a party of his tribe to avenge the death of the brave.

However, we determined to make the best of it and in due time we were busy hunting the game that abounded. For the first four or five nights we took turns in watching; but as the week went by and we saw nothing to disturb us, we grew careless and both lay down and slept uncon cerned till morning.

"One awful dark night, I felt kinder uneasy. I couldn't go to sleep, so I told Jim that I was going to set up and watch part of the night, for I seemed to have an impression that Indians were around. He laughed, and said that he guessed that I should have my labor for my pains; and in five minutes he was asleep. Poor fellow, it was the last sleep he slept on earth.

"For a long while I kept awake, and it must have been near midnight, when, sleepy and ashamed of my fears and presentiments, I went and laid down by the side of Jim, and soon was fast asleep.

"I don't think that I had slept more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a horrid whoop ringing in my ears. We both sprang to our feet at the same moment, and attempted to reach our rifles that we had left beside us, but before we had succeeded, a half dozen of the howling devils were upon us, and bore us backward, and we were soon securely bound with thongs.

"By the light of the almost expiring fire, which the savages caused to flash up brightly, by throwing some dry brushwood on the embers, we found that our captors numbered about thirty, and among them we recognized the redskin who had escaped with our horses, now rendered as hideous as possible by war paint, and devilish joy at having us in his power. No doubt had we, as we lay there powerless, with him scowling down fearfully upon us, that he was thinking of the torture in store for us, in revenge for our shooting his comrade.

"Leaving two of their number standing by our side to make us more secure—though that was needless; it was beyond the power of man, unaided, to free ourselves from the bonds that held us—they were gathered round the fire, and by their looks and gestures we knew that they were discussing our fate, though we could not make out a word of their heathenish jargon.

"They were very nearly divided in the matter that they were discussing, the purport of which we soon di covered. A portion of them, led by the brave that escaped my rifle, was for our immediate death, to avenge that of his brother, while the rest wanted to keep us until they reached the village, and then, at a grand feast, burn us alive.

"At last they came to some conclusion, or postponed it until morning, and stretching themselves out by the fire, were soon all apparently asleep, save the ones that were keeping guard over us.

"Never for one moment during that awful night that seemed endless, did they relax their vig lance.

"Jim Ellis, poor fellow, was dreadful down-hearted. I did my best to cheer him, but it was no use. Said he, just before morning broke:—'Ben, these cussed varmints will kill me in the morning. I can feel it now, for my heart tells me that it will be so. If you escape, and get back to old Kentucky, tell my poor old mother that Jim thought of her most the last thing on earth. Tell her that he didn't forget her good advice or the prayers she learnt him when he was a little bit of a shaver!'

"I tell you boys, it made me feel bad to hear him talk so, and I tried to talk him out of the notion, though I felt mighty skittish myself, but 't wan't no use. Poor fellow! It was just as he thought, for at sunrise that morning they came and led him away a short distance and bound him to a tree; and that cussed savage that I missed, shot him through the heart, right there before my face, and I couldn't help him I tell ye, boys, 'twas dreadful! Very many times I've been mad with myself to think I missed him; but it was so to be and what is to be will be, you know.

"I expected every moment that my turn would come next, but they had concluded to keep me till they got to their village, to roast me alive, and we soon set off—I with a redskin each side of me, to see that I did not try to get away. The party was on foot, and I found out by one that could talk a little bit of English, that it would take them five days to reach their village. I did not care a great deal about being served in the manner they intended, and so made up my mind to escape, or at least make the attempt the first dark night that came.

"The first, second, and third night came and went, and were as bright starlight as it was possible to be; but the fourth came on dark and rainy as it well could be. That night, after we had laid down to rest, I, as usual, between two of the varmints, I found that one of my hands had not been tied as tight as it formerly had been, and after a little trying, I managed to free it. Both my guards were fast asleep, and with the greatest caution I abstracted a tomahawk from the belt of one, and in a moment my hands and feet were free. On my hands and knees I crawled to where their rifles were standing, and found my own among the number, which I at once secured, as well as a large quantity of amunition. As I turned away from the savages, luck would have it that I passed by the murderer of poor Jim. It was a thoughtless deed for my safety, but for worlds I could not resist it, and raising the tomahawk that I still retained, I buried it in the skull of the redskin. He tried to rise, and then with a groan fell back dead. No one stirred, and with silent feet I stole away in the darkness, and morning light saw me many miles from the spot.

"I do not know whether they pursued me or not, but I had got so far the start that it was useless. For three days I wandered on the plains, and was picked up by a party of hunters, to which I joined myself. There, boys, is the end of that story."

"A hard time, that, Ben," said I; "yet I suppose that is but one of the many hair-breadth escapes you have had?"

"I've been in a good many tight places, comrades, and maybe some other night I'll tell you another yarn. Good night." Ten minutes later, the beams from the camp fire showed that old Ben Niston was asleep.

GERMAN CONFEDERATION OF ROBBERS.

THE members were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths, which they were rarely tempted to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to descend even on a suspicion of their falsehood. A miserable wretch who had been taken by the police, and securely lodged in a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the rendezvous of his chief, the famous Picard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his treachery, he had probably been unable to save his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper; and looking up, saw an arm passed between the iron bars of the window.

"Who art thou?" inquired the robber, trembling.

"Thy master—Picard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to set thee at liberty!" In a few minutes his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window frame; and, following his conductor, he scaled the walls, and scented the free air of the neighboring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"*Schleichener!*" said the chief, addressing him with the slang epithet for traitor; "didst thou imagine that the word of treason would be unheard by Picard, because it was whispered in the depths of a dungeon? Die, coward, in thy guilt!"

'Mercy, mercy!" cried the wretch, as the pistol touched his ear. "Give me death, but let it be in battle! Lead me, on this very night, were it to the attack of an army, and let me die upon the bayonets of the foe!"

"It must not be," said Picard, calmly; "thou art unworthy of the death of the brave. Comrades! shall the laws of the band be set aside in favor of a hound like this?"

"No!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant; and the word was echoed by some in cruelty, by many in dismay, till it died away like a prolonged groan in the forest. The white lips of the coward closed at the sound; and a bullet passing through his brain at the same moment, quieted his fears forever.

Another story is told at Aix-la-Chapelle, which does not satisfy quite so well, one's ideas of retributive justice. A fine young man of that city was enrolled as an apprentice by the ferocious Jikjak of Mersen, and awaited impatiently the commands of his chief, being desirous not only of distinguishing himself in the career to which his follies had driven him, but of obtaining money enough to enable him to marry his sweetheart. It is not known whether his weakness was owing to love, or wine, or both together; but, unhappily, he divulged, one evening, the secret of his destiny to the terrified girl; and the next morning he was called by Jikjak, in person, to accompany him on an expedition. The youth followed more in shame than in fear; inwardly resolving to make up for his treason by gaining that day a character for courage which should command the respect of the band.

And yet, as he followed his mute and gloomy conductor, a misgiving at times came over him. There were numerous other apprentices, he knew, in Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the villages through which they passed. What kind of enterprise, then, could the chieftain contemplate, in which he desired the assistance of only a single unknown, untried individual? The young man shivered as they entered the black shade of a forest; but, when his conductor stopped suddenly at a new-made pit, resembling a grave, his knees knocked together, and the hair rose upon his head.

"Perjured traitor!" said the chief, "say thy paternoster, for thou must die!"

"I deserve death," replied the apprentice, "yet try me once again. To-morrow the girl will be my wife, and we shall remove—far from her friends and acquaintance—wherever you command! Only try me! I am as brave as thou!"

"Thou hast broken the laws of the band, and therefore thou must die! Down on thy knees—down!" and with one herculean arm he bent him, by main force, to the earth, while with the other he raised a hatchet above his head.

'Only hear me—"

"Reprobate! wilt thou die without a prayer!" The youth submitted; and by the time the word "Amen," had fairly passed his lips, the iron was deep in his brain.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, "RUNNING FOR THE PLATE."—A bell was formerly the prize ran for; hence the expression of 'bearing away the bell." Subsequently, a silver cup was given to the winner, which was the origin of the word "Plate," a word still used even when money only is given.

THE IRON COLUMNS used in the construction of the fire-proof warehouses in Liverpool, are all hollow, and filled in the inside with fire-proof concrete.

AN AGRICULTURAL PURSUIT.—Racing after a pig with a greasy tail.

A FAT TAKE.—The captain of the bark Gen. Pike, which arrived at Honolulu from Kodiac on the 12th of August, states that he took this season one whale, the largest he ever saw, which made *two hundred and seventy-four barrels!*

THE ANGLER.

A fishing-rod has been described to be
Found very often near some muddy pool;
A line we usually at one end see,
At the other commonly a fool;
This has been said, and if a bouncer—why,
The reader has it quite as cheap as I.

THE RECRUITING OFFICE.

WALK up, gentlemen, and place your names on our roll; never mind the "fixens" if our desk is a barrel, and our ink bad enough—in a horn—that barrel is the altar of liberty, nevertheless. Yes, and that scroll of paper (may it never become your winding sheet) is the scroll of fame. Gentlemen, this workshop, with its drills, files, and wheels, turns out heroes in due course of time, if not sooner. Bell Ona, gentlemen—that's the female superintendent of our war department, she likes young men—what woman don't, say you—young and active, between the age of eighteen and thirty-three, that's the age for carriage, forage, and baggage. Single men preferred; of course, that don't mean you can't come by twos—you may come in crowds if you will—the more the merrier, say I; call up your friends. Dress up for your country. "Step into the imminent, deadly breeches," as Shakespeare says—and a good pair of shoes to boot, and a new coat over all. You may wear a jacket at first, it won't be long—be brave and you'll get a coat at length. You may carry a musket to begin with, but let your reports be favorable, and you may sport a sword by your side. The field is wide open, and advance, is the word—advance till you get to the top of the heap, and then you can take a long rest. If you happen to get wounded there is a hospital for you to go to—not to chaw the cud of bitter disappointment, but to feel your oats like a man who has done his duty with medical advice gratis—there's an inducement to shed your blood. As for provender, gentlemen, Uncle Sam feeds his boys well. Would you believe it, that you have a roll every mörning at *reveille*—peas on a trencher for breakfast, and roast beef for dinner. There's the fun, too. Lashing of it. Picquits and whist after nightfall, balls full of music, and parties night and day with quad-drills at the guard house, and gallops, steps, and marches everywhere. So toe the mark, gentlemen. Take a gun on your shoulder and aim for glory. Come with a will—not your last testament, or any other, for the Bible Union will furnish you with everything in that particular for camp meeting purpose—we want a will that has no cant about it. Your mother country will care for you like a child. She will feed and clothe you with a bountiful hand, and give you, after you have suffered, and been bled, and come back, a hundred and sixty acres of free soil, in the Far West, where you can plant your destinies by the sweat of your brows, get married, and be a husbandman. So come along, lads, and make men of yourselves. Give me your names and have them handed down to future generations at once. This is the post of posterity where the males are sent right on to their destination, if they don't fall into the dead letter box on the way.—*Vanity Fair.*

VENTRILOQUISM.—During Mr. Love's, the ventriloquist, sojourn in Dublin, he happened to visit Dr. R., in St. Stephen's green. The doctor wishing to create a little amusement for his lady, who was considerably indisposed, requested Mr. Love to favor them with some trifling specimen of his powers. The doctor's servant, a lad who was not overburdened with the article of brains, and who was unacquainted with Mr. L.'s person, was selected as the object. While he was in the act of removing the cloth after dinner, a sudden and loud call was heard in the passage. "Joe, my lad, come and help me to finish the bottle of wine we stole out of your master's cellar last night." The surprise of Joseph may be more easily conceived than described. He proceeded to the door, saw nobody, but speedily heard the same voice in the cellar, crying out, that he had unluckily knocked the spigot out of a barrel of ale, and the stingo was inundating the cellar. Honest Joseph, who now began to entertain very considerable doubts as to whether he was awake or the reverse, rushed down to the cellar, where, finding everything in a quiescent state, he returned pale and speechless to the dining-room. Indeed, he strove to speak but his tongue refused its office, and his words, like Macbeth's, "stuck in his throat." The invisible speaker was then heard in the street, and finally upon the roof of the house. The doctor and his lady, now almost bursting with laughter, considering that the joke had been carried far enough, informed poor Joseph that the whole had been a deception on the part of the ventriloquist, of which they had some difficulty in persuading him.

EXTENSIVE SPORT AND LARGE PROFITS.—Every winter, when deep snows are on the ground, the citizens of Boston have a visit from a man who comes with a sleigh laden with the choicest game from the wildwoods of Maine, from the deep forests of Canada, and from the snow covered hills of New Brunswick named Francis Curtis, of Boxford. His dealings in game with Boston aristocracy and Boston hotels annually amounts to several thousand dollars. He has sharp shooters at work for him during the winter months, and through him Boston, and indeed New England, is furnished with deer moose and caribou, to say nothing of thousands of partridges. He tries his own hand at bringing down with a rifle the noble game of Maine. He is an expert with a gun. Last season, with his hunters, he killed between forty and fifty moose and more than two hundred deer. His house in Boxford has many trophies of his excursions. Shooting runs in the family. Mr. Curtis' grandfather is said to have been the last man to leave Bunker Hill, and his uncle Lieut. John Curtis, did good service in the same contest.

Mr. Francis Curtis has three sons who have come to man's estate. One of them has been for eight years in Missouri "laying out" game there, and now has a chance to practice on something besides "small deer." Another is in the 14th Mass. Regiment at Washington. The third (good also with the rifle,) is a farmer at Boxford. All of them are for the Union.

A SET-TO BETWEEN A SOLDIER AND AN ELK.—One morning recently, a man named Simon Garnet, belonging to Capt. Horn's Volunteer Company, now stationed at Uniontown, Pa., was terribly injured by a large elk, belonging to the Agricultural Society, and which, with two others of the female species, and several deer, had been running at large on the fair grounds, near the above borough. The old elk, from the first introduction of the soldiers, had shown unmistakeable signs of rebellion, squealing vehemently every few minutes, and shaking his enormous horns whenever any one approached him. The first sight of the American flag made him furious, and plainly indicated that he was a traitor of the bloodiest stripe. He was accordingly watched with considerable caution, and sensible persons kept out of his way. Sunday last Garnet approached him too closely, when the infuriated animal attacked him, and but that assistance was at hand, his death would have been inevitable. As it was, he received a frightful wound on the thigh and his body was badly bruised. The poor old elk was not long in suffering the penalty of his pugnacity. He was executed on the spot, skinned and quartered, and his flesh divided among the volunteers.

LICE ON FOWLS.—Fowls may be kept free from vermin as follows:—"First of all, in confinement, in the dust corner of the poultry house, mix about half a pound of black sulphur in the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects, dampen the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let the bird be covered with insects, and they will disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also, previous to setting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur, there is no fear of the hen being annoyed during incubation, neither will the chickens be troubled by them. Many a fine-hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, and no one knows the cause.

AN ANTI-SECESH STANZA.—In the year 1832 a song was published in the Virginia newspapers of some six or eight verses, written in the negro dialect, highly censuring nullification and its authors. Only one verse is distinctly remembered, which is here given, very nearly letter for letter:—

"Away down Souf, way on toward de Moon,
Dar lib a man, he named Calhoun;
For long time pass, him hab been tryin',
Him ugly fites at nullemfyin'."

A SULTANA IN TROUBLE.—The Sultana Aziz is undoubtedly an unhappy woman. When her husband Abdul ascended the throne, he refused the customary beautiful slave out of regard for Mrs. Aziz. But lately, it seems, he repents his virtue, and has sent to Circassia for 150 young and handsome girls, meaning to establish a bang-up harem, the wretch, and become no better than a libertine. This freak requires cash down, upwards of $125,000; the torments of the Sultana, of course, being beyond pecuniary estimate.

A YARN FOR THE MARINES.—Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this:—He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attempt upon an enormously big bull frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carniverous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

QUAILS, it is remarked, may be killed after the first day of October. Partridges may be killed now according to law. Rebels may be killed at any time when you can get a shot at them, as they are always out of place and never out of season.

A YOUNG LADY in Media, Ohio, recently flogged a young man within an inch of his life, as he was leaving a ball room, because after inviting her he went and took another girl. Very dangerous to take liberties of any kind with Western crinoline.

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